THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY:

OR,

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JULY, 1804. No. IX.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

On the influence of refinement of manners - - - - - - - - 387
The Botanist, No. 1. - - - - - 390
Correspondence between Cornelia and Constance - - - - - - 394
On Piety, Honesty, and Beneficence 394
The Soldiers, *continued* - - - - 397
The Restorator, No. 1. - - - - 402
Character of Dr. Johnson, as a moralist - - - - - - - - - 404
Biblical Criticism - - - - - - 405
Bishop Hildesley's character of Seed's Sermons - - - - - - ib.
Walker's Criticism - - - - - - 406
Speech of the Hon. G. Morris over the dead body of Gen. Hamilton 407
Extract from Bishop Hall - - 409

REVIEW.

Dr. Eliot's Sermon at the Dedication of the New North Church 410
Dr. Danforth's Oration on the Anniversary of American Independence - - - - - - - - - 411
Dr. Ramsay's Oration on the Cession of Louisiana - - - - 418
A true History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Capt. Bernal Diaz del Castillo - - - - - - - 417
Boston, a Poem, by W. Sargent 420
London Review - - - - - - 421

POETRY.

Rural Scene, *concluded* - - - - - 424
Odes for American Independence
by Winthrop Sargent - - ib.
by William Bigelow, A. M. - 425
by C. P. Sumner, Esq. - - ib.
Ode for the Salem Female Charitable Society, by J. Story, Esq. 426
The Lover's Dream, by D'Israeli ib.
To an Infant, sleeping - - - 427
The Nightingale and Glow-worm ib.

Literary Intelligence - - - - - 428
Statement of Births, &c. - - - - 429
Necrology - - - - - - - - - ib.
Meteorology - - - - - - - - - 431
Notes of the Editor - - - - - 432

PUBLISHED BY
MUNROE & FRANCIS, No. 7, COURT-STREET, BOSTON.

THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

JULY, 1804.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF REFINEMENT OF MANNERS, CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF RICHES AND KNOWLEDGE, IN PROMOTING THE HAPPINESS OF A COMMUNITY.

THE endless diversity in the customs and manners of antient times, with a view of their respective effects on the happiness of communities, might afford the reflective eye a curious and entertaining retrospect. This indulgence, Mr. Editor, the limits of an essay preclude. A review of particular histories aside, a general reference to the past must suffice for the knowledge of those principles and habits, which constitute the basis of individual and public felicity.

Let us revert therefore to the morning of man. When we behold on the canvass of history, the elements of his nature delineated, we easily follow the strokes of the pencil, until the animated portrait glows with life, and speaks the perfection of his being.

Before this noble attainment, how numerous the vicissitudes in the human system! What a multiplicity of contradictory motives alternately promote and obstruct the emancipation of the soul from her native rudeness! The conflict at length subsides. The social principle of man, powerfully assisted by a love of wealth, and a thirst for knowledge, soon gains the ascendancy. Then passion for fame, joined to that force of nature, which irresistably urges to perfection, extricates him from the horrours of barbarism, whilst the soft hand of civilization conducts him over the stages of riches and knowledge, and seats him on the throne of refinement.

Thus exalted, the subjects of a community can receive little accession to their essential happi-

ness from the sources of wealth and knowledge. These have already been exhausted in effectuating this happy purpose. That they are the means, nay more, the very causes of national refinement, we are full in the belief: and, as such, are happy to extol their beneficial effects. But, as independent qualities, to suppose their influence in promoting the happiness of a community, more availing, than the cultivation and refinement of the customs and manners of a people, is an estimation as erroneous, as that of preferring the inanimate earth to the delicacies of her fruits.

Previously to the existence of society, the possession of exclusive property is one of the first steps to civilization. The accumulation of riches is productive of a more rapid refinement, than can possibly be expected from the indolence of collective bodies. Valuable purposes, also, they answer in civil society. But do they not engender the most hateful distinctions among men? Does not the galled African rise against wealth, and curse her as the dire authoress of all his chains? This is not all. Her influence is yet more extensive in the subjection of empires, by erecting the standard of military power, which too often proves the engine of oppression.

Far more advantageous to society are the effects of knowledge. On this pillar rest all the structures of human invention. In her bosom were nursed the sciences, with all the arts of civilized life. To this fountain we are more immediately indebted for those streams of rational pleasure, which may be accounted some of life's purest waters. But its best, its noblest influence in promoting the happiness of communities and mankind in general, is, to clear the world of that antique rubbish, to wipe off from society that barbarous rust, so generative of superstition, and to polish the minds and the manners of men. Ineffectual here, its tendency to promote the happiness of communities is questionable.

To the refinement of manners, however, gold and literature, without doubt, happily conduce: and in the accomplishment of this great end, the felicity, not of a single individual, nor yet of whole communities, but the perfection and the glory of mankind, are deeply involved. To this grand object both savage and enlightened nations have ardently aspired. In this, the views of the greatest monarchs and the wisest princes have universally centred; and here, I may add, have terminated the limits of human ambition.

The reasons are obvious. If the subjection of cruel and tyrannic passions; if to harmonize the contending interests of party spirit; if to regulate the laws of human policy and social life, be objects worthy our attention;— if to wake from their slumbers all the peaceful virtues, and unfold to the mental eye their countless charms; in a word, if the vast magazines of nature and of art contain luxuries for man, behold in civilized life all that is grand and sublime in the one; behold in refinement all that is useful and pleasing in the other.

Experience will forever supercede the fruitless expense of theoretic investigation. We are, therefore, justified in possessing these sentiments, by hourly observation, and a careful attention to our own feelings on this important subject.

When the storms of affliction have overwhelmed our souls, and misfortune, like some angry deity, seems ready and determined to destroy our peace ; it is not the contents of the miser's coffer ; nor the dull, dry precepts of stoical invention, that will console the wounded mind : it is the aid of that friendly sympathy alone, which draws its life from the luxuriant breasts of refinement.

From this source also positive happiness, in an eminent degree, is derived to communities. Avarice may absorb each virtuous principle, but cannot destroy the capacity for enjoyment. Philosophy can teach us the government of our affections, but will never extinguish them. Still nature retains a relish for social joys. The human heart will yet pant for the pleasures of society and friendship. Are they to be realized in the wilds of Indostan ? Will Arabian deserts give life to these enjoyments ? Alas, they fly those wretched haunts, and seek an asylum in the gardens of the globe, where cultivated nature bids a cordial welcome to their approach. The breast illumined with the rays of refined reason is the only soil, where spring those extatic perceptions, those soft and feminine sensations of bliss, which find no expression in the gross medium of language, but are eloquent in the eyes, those meaning ministers of the heart. Witness the memorable instant at *Trenton bridge*, when the fair daughters of Columbia, by the happiest and most striking acknowledgement of their gratitude, caused the tear of sensibility to drop from the eye of the greatest hero in the world. An instance this of true delicacy and refinement of manners, unequalled in Roman or Athenian life, whose absence folios of erudition would ill supply, productive of raptures, which treasures heaped on treasures could never have effected !

All hail, refinement ! Dear parent of sensibility ! " Source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows !" Embloom our happy land. We have long since sung an hoarse requiem to the shades of barbarism ; and the zephyrs of this western world most fondly court thy loved arrival. We leave for Afric's tawny sons to dig in mines for golden ore ; let Asia's dreary wastes afford a fit retreat for savage souls ; but Europe and America, those enlightened quarters of the universe, those happy climes of arts, of elegance, of polished life, shall refine the diamond of their nature. They shall enrich this worldly scene with virtues, that enoble the heart, elevate humanity, ornament and bless society, which terminate, not with our present existence, but will shine forever with augmented splendours in the paradise of God.

JUVENIS.

For the Anthology.

THE BOTANIST, NO. I.

NATURAL History is the most delightful of all the sciences. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, and has this pleasing circumstance annexed to it, that no closeness of inspection, nor keenness of investigation, ever produces weariness or disgust; for here gratification and appetite are perpetually interchanging, so that the contemplation of *Nature*, like that of Religion, "is ever rising with the rising mind."

That the study of nature is of the first importance to our youth no one can doubt, who recollects that it actually *forms the basis of all the sciences.**

Natural philosophy aims to teach those quiescent forms of nature and their co-existing qualities, which all bodies indiscriminately possess, as extension, figure, mobility, divisibility and vis inertiæ, and leaves the natural historian to describe the active or living state of organized bodies.

The business of a consummate naturalist is not confined, as some imagine, merely to the description of a perfect plant, or an adult animal; but he is impelled to explore its primordium, or origin; to trace its gradual developement; to expatiate on its incessant accretion, or growth from a seed, or egg, up to its destined magnitude, or perfection. The naturalist is led to treat not only of *matter*, as an elementary constituent in composite substances, which appertains in *common* to all things, but to investigate also that efficient cause, or *motive* principle, which *associates* those elements, and which employs them when associated, according to their various and peculiar characters.†

Within this wide view of the universe, the naturalist discovers, or imagines that he discovers, another division of things, denominated the three kingdoms of Nature, viz. the *mineral*, *vegetable*, and *animal*. One of them only attracts, at this time, our attention.

The earth on which we live is covered and adorned with a beautiful green carpet of vegetables. Each vegetable is an organized, living body, but destitute of the power of loco-motion, adhering to the earth, or some other substance, in such a manner as to draw from it nourishment, and having a power of propagating itself by seed. Boerhaave defines a vegetable to be an hydraulic body, containing various vessels replete with different juices, by means of which it derives the matter of its nutriment and growth; while Darwin contends that vegetables are an inferiour order of animals. Certainly Providence has given plants organs of wonderful mechanism, and a perceptivity that is surprizing.

That branch of Natural History which teaches the anatomy, physiology, and economy of a vegetable, together with its application to the most beneficial pur-

* *Lord Bacon.*

† *See Harris's Philosoph. Arrangements.*

poses, is called BOTANY. Some of the fundamental principles of this charming science we mean to extend through a series of monthly essays, in an order a little different from that met in books. We shall give our doctrine a dress partaking more of the popular than of the scientific garb; so much at least of the former as not to disguise from the view of the common observer, this beautiful handmaid of Medicine, and yet not divested so much entirely of the latter as to offend the eye of the most rigid disciple of the Linnæan school. We avow LINNÆUS to be our lawful chief, and his *Philosophia Botanica* our rallying point and standard. We acknowledge him our teacher and leader in the field of Botany, and we refer the learned to his admirable writings, for the reasons of this our attachment.*

Although agriculture and gardening are of prime importance to civilized man, they have continued to be only arts, consisting of detached facts, and vague opinions, without a true theory to connect them; and at a time too, when many parts of knowledge of much inferiour consequence have been nicely arranged, and digested into sciences.†

In the scale of beings, a plant is placed in the middle space between animals and minerals, and partakes, in some degree, the nature of both. The stem or trunk of a vegetable is not like a lump of clay, or dough, but there is that internal adjustment, disposition, or arrangement of its matter into tubes and vessels, which is called, for that reason *organization*, and vascular system.

We discern, by the naked eye, that plants possess organs of surprizing mechanism; but when armed with the microscope we discover still more cause for wonder. These parts are capable of anatomical investigation, like the parts of an animal; and their investigation, says Dr. A. Hunter, is the only rational method of arriving at any certainty concerning the laws of the vegetable economy; for without it agriculture, that useful, important, and honourable profession, must ever remain a vague and uncertain study.‡

Delightful as Natural History may be to its votaries, the study of it is not here recommended to amuse the idle, or gratify the fanciful. We dwell in an agricultural region; and agriculture gives to a country the only riches which it can call its own. If commerce bind the world together in *a golden chain*, that chain is not unfrequently broken by wars of men, and of the elements. With riches commerce too often imports effeminating luxuries; whereas agriculture is a kind but athletic task, imposed on man by a beneficent CREATOR, as the best means of preserving his health, his safety, and his innocence. The foundation, or ground work of this independent and salu-

---

* Dr. *B. Smith Barton* seems to allow LINNÆUS these high honours with great reluctance. See his "Elements of Botany," *passim*.

† *Darwin*.

‡ *Georgical Essays*.

tiferous profession is the science of *Botany ;* a science of as great importance to the youth of America, as any now taught in our colleges, that alone excepted which has for its great object the culture of the human heart.

It may perhaps be said that this branch of knowledge has not been neglected among us ; and that the seeds of it were sown more than sixteen years since at Cambridge.* Be it so—Their growth has nevertheless been slow. Whether this be owing to the soil, or the cultivator, we leave to the investigation of others ; observing only, that a private individual, however cordially disposed to rear the *nemorale templum*, can do but little without the assistance, support, and co-operation of the constituted *fautores* of science and of government.

The Reverend CHARLES CORDINER, in his splendid work on "*Ancient monuments and singular subjects of Natural History, in North Britain,*" speaking of the Marischal college of Aberdeen, remarks "that it is a good propo- "sal, now in agitation, to add "Lectures on Agriculture and "Botany to *the general course of* "*education.* That the former, if "understood on scientific princi- "ples, would be of high impor- "tance to the improvement of the "country. Botany is intimately "connected both with agricul- "ture and medicine : knowledge "of that must prove of great "consequence to all who are to "spend their lives in the country. "The general body of the cler- "gy, as well as the proprietors "of landed estates are therefore "particularly interested in the "success of these studies. Be- "sides, the sons of farmers, by "the easy terms on which atten- "dance at the colleges is obtain- "ed, can easily acquire that use- "ful instruction, which might "prepare their minds for a more "judicious application of their "industry and talents. The more "general diffusion of knowledge, "and of the experience from "whence it is derived, must con- "fer superiour advantages on "youth, in all the different walks "of life. The prosperity of a "commercial city is even pro- "moted by such a seminary."

Lord KAIMES long since advocated a similar opinion respecting adding Lectures on Natural History to the general course of college education.

We have to lament that the science of Botany is incumbered, nay overloaded and oppressed by technical terms. Our great master LINNÆUS wrote in latin. Sometimes he gives generic names, compounded of two entire latin words joined in one ; but generally he uses such compound words in the greek tongue, as are more expressive as well as more beautiful. This terrific style frightens beginners. Good sense has not fair play when oppressed by words. Yet LINNÆUS has simplified the botanic language of his predecessors. Before his day

* See "Heads of a course of Lectures on Natural History given annually in the University at Cambridge since 1788," in No. 7 of the Anthology. The year following the College of Philadelphia instituted a Professorship of Natural History and Botany.

we had *Hydrophyllocarpodendron*‡, and *Stachyarpogophora*§. To convey botanical doctrines in a plain, simple, yet intelligible language to the merely English reader, is a difficulty still to be encountered.

There is another difficulty of a more delicate nature. The sexual system of Botany is founded on the discovery that there is in vegetables, as well as in animals, *a distinction of sexes*. There are those who think that LINNÆUS has drawn the analogy too close, and continued it too long. The analogy between the structure and functions of the higher class of animals, as the quadruped and vegetables, is remote ; but the analogy between vegetables and those outskirts of nature, Insects, is close. The botanical phraseology sometimes embarrasses the teacher. We hope, however, to parry this difficulty, if not entirely surmount it.

In teaching botany different authors have adopted different plans. Some begin with a description of the leaves, then of the stem, next the flower, afterwards the fruit, strictly so called, and lastly the seed. Others commence with the flower, then they describe the fruit and seed conjunctly, and lastly the root. We shall pursue a different order. We shall begin with a description of a seed ; after demonstrating its structure, we shall shew that every seed contains under several membranes the future plant, in miniature. There we may see, by the help of a microscope, that the diminutive embryo plant, has not only a little radicle, which is hereafter to become the root, but also two little leaves, which hereafter become the herb. We shall then endeavour to shew how the embryo plant, when placed in a due degree of moisture, and a just degree of heat, and at such a proper depth in the ground as not to exclude it from the vivifying influence of the air, gradually unfolds itself, the radicle extending itself into a root, which attaches itself to the earth, and the little leaf aspiring into a stem. We shall shew how the fœtal plant is supported by that part of the seed, which answers to the white of an egg, until it is able to appear above ground, when this temporary nutritive part drops off and decays* ; and the plant, in future, grows and flourishes, by imbibing solid nourishment from its mother earth ; and by inspiring vital air, and by inhaling the celestial draughts of light. The anatomy of a seed and its gradual developement into a perfect plant will form the subject of the next number.

‡ *Boerhaave.* § *Vaillant.*

* This is well exemplified in the common bean.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

Mr. Editor,

Should you be disposed to admit into your elegant publication the correspondence of two obscure females, who have hitherto written merely for their own amusement, and who still seek concealment, you will probably

receive several letters from *Constance* and *Cornelia*.

[If *Constance* shall manifest the piety of heart and warmth of fancy, which glow in her friend *Cornelia*, the Editor will be proud of his new correspondents.]

TO CONSTANCE.

..... JULY, 1804.

THE sublime death of Mrs..... which you last evening described to me, my dear Constance, deeply impressed my mind. Resignation derived from such sources, at the moment of such a separation, from a mind like hers, which, you say, "exhibited a fair and beautiful symmetry, justness in reasoning, strength to investigate, and clearness to discover; with those estimable qualities, sensibility, fortitude and modesty;" is truly wonderful.

Pardon me, my friend, if, when I consider that experience which is the test of virtue was here wanting, I think you almost transported. I should indeed tax you with enthusiasm, were it not for the respected authority of the learned and pious *Historica*, whose impartial opinion corroborates that of my Constance. How glorious an example of the power of faith! Of that faith which triumphs over the most dreadful ills to which humanity is subjected, which meekly rejoices in the will of God, even when that will separates us from the dearest of all created objects!

When you left me, I retired to my chamber, with the image of the expiring saint before me. Seating myself at a window, mine eyes were involuntarily raised towards heaven; and, "where is now the abode of the departed spirit?" was my first inquiry. Does that state of progression, which we believe continues after death, permit the idea that the soul ascends to the complete enjoyment of the immediate presence of Deity, which would be at once the perfection of bliss and glory? Of the innumerable "gems that pave the floor of heaven," we know little, but believe them to be suns enlightening other systems; those systems are doubtless the abodes of intelligent beings; why may we not suppose them to be the "different mansions of our heavenly Father," of which the Saviour informed his sorrowing disciples, and where he assured them of a reception? And is it irrational to believe congenial spirits assemble in the same planet, and thence pass to more glorious orbs, as they acquire greater purity and perfection?

In this train of thought I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by heavy thunder; several and frequent flashes were succeeded by peals awfully majestic; nature was alternately wrapt in flames and darkness, and the still silence of night was broken only by the voice of God. It was then when I felt that every flash might be the mandate of death; when I tremblingly realized the next moment might terminate my probationary state, and place my disembodied spirit in the presence of that pure and holy Judge, by whose irrevocable decree my fate would be sealed; that I acknowledged the folly of indulging mere speculations, the pastime of the

imagination, by which the heart is little affected, and of course the life unimproved: it was then, impressed with an idea that my life was just closing, I felt, that true wisdom should engage us to employ with activity each moment allowed us, to seek unceasingly the favour of our Maker, and thus prepare for that death which is inevitable; instead of regarding it as a *probable*, but very *distant* event, and amusing ourselves in the interim with fancying the scenes, to which it may introduce us.

What is this strange propensity in our nature to turn from the contemplation of indubitable and essential truth, while we readily resign ourselves to imagination, and rove with delight in the boundless regions of possibility?

How, my ever valued friend, is this propensity to be corrected; how, (since all our faculties may answer that important purpose) best made to conduce to our felicity as immortal beings?

The wish to obtain your opinion on this subject, induced me to throw on paper the thoughts and feelings of last night; refuse not to oblige your

CORNELIA.

For the Anthology.

ON PIETY, HONESTY, AND BENEFICENCE.

THE virtues, whose seeds are sown with perhaps equal liberality in every mind, flourish only in proportion as they are guarded and cherished. Different men become propense to piety, probity, and humanity, according to the degree, in which they may severally have exercised these qualities.

Frequent worship conduces to sanctity; for the flame of a man's affections will naturally aspire after the incense of his prayers. Such direction he is able of himself to give to his passions, and hence he is commanded to love God. Otherwise the command would be absurd. When exhorted to love our neighbour as ourselves, love of ourselves appears to be taken for granted. This quality is part of our nature, and therefore however necessary it is for our welfare, no command to exercise it is given; but the love of God and of our neighbour is the effect of our own exertion.

These affections are refined by indulgence, and by the same means likewise become principles of action. The eyes of the pious man, who, in ascending the hill of Zion, has long watched, as his guiding star, the glory that illumines its summit, at length to no other light will open spontaneously; and his feet from sympathy will follow the same direction. Such a man by his own endeavours has formed his soul to the relish of those raptures, which long discipline only can capacitate to enjoy; of those raptures, even to whose conception probably the minds of the indevout have never ascended.

Honesty, a virtue, which, if not the most splendid, is certainly the most necessary to society, is generally undervalued for no rea-

son, which I can discern, but that it is considered the easiest to practise. To acquire a constant disposition to honesty, it is however necessary in youth to cherish the remains of childish frankness, to begin early to lay the restraints of conscience on our intentions and actions; and to arm ourselves with strong convictions of the sophistry, contained in offers of present profit, when the conditions are dishonourable. By such active attention a man may become conspicuous for stability in this virtue.

Here I have offered a discipline, by which to educate men in the art of conducting themselves artlessly; and perhaps have excited surprize. But why should not practice be required to perfect us in probity, as well as any good quality? Are ignorant or even heedless men honest? If they were, they would not so often, as at present, be discontented with each other's conduct. They are assuredly less capable of resisting temptation, than the learned and studious; and when they do not overreach one another, it is, for the most part, because they have not discerned the opportunity. They do however defraud each other continually, and that, not always because it is their interest so to do, nor always indeed with premeditation or solicitude, but because they have not by reasoning and habit established themselves in honesty.

However sneeringly the conceited may pronounce of the plain dealer, that he knows but just enough to be upright, believe me, *that* man has more knowledge than is commonly possessed. Neither has he fortuitously acquired it. Had he, like the many who despise him, disregarded the eventual results of integrity; had he never by way of plainness tried its effects, when an opposite course was apparently more convenient; in short, had he not made many efforts against the influence of ever present example, he would not so entirely and without hesitation "do to others as he would have them do to himself," nor be able probably to resist any very powerful incitement to deceit and knavery.

Sudden resolutions, without preparation and without system, like the hasty efforts of undisciplined valour, seldom avail much. The man habitually fraudulent cannot at pleasure *turn from his evil ways*, and without exertion *do that which is lawful and right.* Although taught by experience the superiour policy of uprightness, he must yet submit, for a long time, to the labour of adding resolutions to prayers, and strife to resolutions, before he can love it with sincerity, and practise it with ease. But this is a godly warfare of the spirit against the flesh; and the persevering soldier may count upon a chaplet of unwithering verdure.

"In doing good," says Mr. Burke, "we are generally cold and languid and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right." Can such a disposition have been ours by nature? The feeling benevolence of childhood denies it. There is a timidity attending our incipient actions, not only in circumstances which never involved us, but

in circumstances which have not involved us for a long time. It is hence that, having long neglected the work of mercy, we become languid in doing good, and afraid of *being too much in the right*. There is also danger lest, by neglecting the culture of benevolent sympathies, the seeds of ill will and injustice, alas, too generally sown in the human heart, will spring up and flourish in baneful luxuriance.

There are men, however, whose chief enjoyment consists in beneficence, and who taste a pleasure in acts of humanity, which can be tasted by the humane alone. I am unwilling to believe, that the felicity of these godlike beings arises from accident merely, or circumstance, or natural bias; I think it the fruit of meritorious exertion. Like the faculty of taste, a disposition to goodness is educed and improved by proper exercise. If therefore we emulate the character of the beneficent man, and would know the luxury of doing good, we must let no opportunity to be useful escape us unused; but must be ever awake to the wants of our kind, and have our ears continually open to the whispers of distress.

ELEGANT SELECTIONS.

THE SOLDIERS.

AN EUROPEAN TALE.

(Continued from page 354.)

"THE evening before your marque took fire, I had resolved to address you the next morning on the present subject: I did not. You, perhaps, *feel* my motive for the delay. In the presence of these gentlemen, men of honour, your friends, competent judges of what is due to the character of a soldier, I *require* of you my good name, or an appointment to defend it in the way my honour demands." Rodolpho waited a reply.

The suggestions of that inward monitor which power cannot silence, nor wealth bribe, impelled a *silent* acknowledgment of injustice, and at that moment the Colonel was thankful its voice was audible to no ear but its own. Such is the magic of virtue, that the contemplation of its exercise impels to admiration even those whose actions are not the result of its influence.

Col. Fawcette envied Rodolpho that sunshine of the mind that illumined his countenance: The liberality of his conduct, and the polished ease of his manners, produced a dereliction in his favour, and he was generally received with that interest ever attendant on a cultivated mind.

Colonel F. had erected his consequence on extrinsic circumstances; with sense enough to discover that to *their* influence he owed the respect he received, he had not energy enough to exchange the evanescent pleasure

which flattery yields, for the friendship of those whose honest hearts disdained that puerile subterfuge to court his favour.

He meditated, with the bitterness of envy, on the qualities of Rodolpho's heart ; they were, in so young a man, a tacit reproach to his deficiences. The influence of envy is supreme ; it limits the efforts, and checks the flights of human nature ; often hurries the mind that is its victim, into the commission of deeds, that, in its first approaches, it would have shrunk from the idea of.

From this malign source sprang the Colonel's dislike of Rodolpho ; and which was perhaps strengthened by the recollection that he had often given an example of licentiousness, that sanctioned the soldiery to commit the most daring outrages, which Rodolpho had spoken of with a freedom of spirit not to be repulsed by any selfish consideration.

After receiving so signal a service, common sense directed the Colonel, that the concession of a gentleman was the conduct honour pointed to, and self-love whispered, that it was also the most politic. Public investigation he shrunk from ; scenes might be unfolded, that would impel his character into a stronger shade ; the pause of a moment allowed these reflections, and, in return to Rodolpho's demand, he made the concession usual on such occasions.

When he ceased speaking, Rodolpho revolved the circumstances that led him to his present situation, and his sensitive spirit felt unsatisfied.

"The gentlemen present," said he, "will allow that my honour requires you should add, that your acknowledgment of errour is the impulse of conviction, and not extorted by the gratitude you think due to me for the accidental service I have rendered you." However humiliating the confession, however harsh it sounded to his heart, and repulsive to his spirit, the Colonel replied, "It is from an assurance of your loyalty, and rectitude of principle, I have made the acknowledgment ;" and he said true, he had never doubted it, but "envy will merit, as its shade, pursue."

Thus was an intercourse apparently less reserved established between Col. Fawcette and Rodolpho. However lacerating the idea of inferiority was to the mind of the Colonel, he was doomed to endure its conviction ; it went to his heart, and sat there colder than the "aspic's venom."

There is no feeling more repugnant to happiness, more lacerating to the human mind, than the consciousness of having drawn on ourselves the disapprobation of our fellow mortals. There is no sensation more in unison with delight, more congenial to our nature, than *their* approving voice.

The first experience was the bitter portion of the Colonel ; the latter the animating reward of Rodolpho.

At the table of Col. Fawcette was General C. whose elevated spirit, nice honour, and integrity of heart, appreciated the merit of Rodolpho's conduct ; he was gratified to observe the minute

sense he had of what was due to the character of a gentleman and soldier, and that he acted up to its perceptions.

At parting, he shook his hand with the cordiality of friendship, and said, "Let not your future conduct, my young friend, verge from the principles you have this day exhibited, and account me your friend, and on *every* occasion in which I can serve you, apply to me with freedom: your heart seems in the right place; I feel an inclination to know more of you."

The sweet verdict of his own conscience melodised the plain plaudit of the general, and rendered it doubly dear to the heart of Rodolpho. When he returned to his tent, he anticipated the pleasure that must necessarily flow from the friendship of a man, whose experience would teach wisdom, and his virtues excite emulation.

At this period of the war, there were continually parties sent out to molest the Americans; and when the spies who were separately distributed through the country, brought intelligence of a proscribed father, who had emerged from his hiding place, and stolen with apprehensive steps, and beating heart, to his once hospitable mansion, to snatch a few moments of luxurious sadness with his family, bestow his blessing, and then return sorrowful and solitary to his hiding place; or if the darling son of a widowed mother, who, before *avarice* had lit the flame of discord in that happy land, where urbanity, with all her sweet cordialities welcomed the stranger, and when he left the social board, bade God speed him till his return; and was the protector of his infant brothers and sisters, stole, during the obscurity of night, to catch a hasty blessing of this widowed parent; press her orphans to his breast, and promise to be careful of his life for their sakes.

A party was dispatched instantly to hunt the unfortunate from his retreat, as wolves prowl for their prey, who, because he would not take up arms against the land that nourished him, was condemned to the gloom of a prison, there to meet the award of *power*.

At this time the dispatches from the English camp to Philadelphia were frequently intercepted with the usual painful consequence to the messengers. It was therefore thought necessary to make a garrison of the house of a lady, who, with her daughter, resided midway between the English camp and the city; perhaps the stronger incentive, that induced the military rulers to fix on her dwelling, was the information that she had often sheltered and concealed proscribed characters.

While the benevolence of our fellow mortals interferes not with our particular interests, to applaud its operations seems the spontaneous effusions of the mind; even those whose hearts ne'er felt its genial influence, nor heaved the responsive sigh of pity for the sorrows of another, oblige their lips to pronounce its eulogium; but when its dispensations clash with our interest, its features lose their suavity, it's

no longer an emanation from divinity ; and the frigid, but interested moraliser, pronounces it to degenerate into a pernicious vice. —It *may be* so—*it is*—but he only shall be as judge, who is not within the influence of its operations.

The above observation will not be considered out of place, when we reflect that to *house* the wanderer, the man of peace, who was falsely denominated an enemy to his country, because he would not assist to desolate it, was then considered a crime more than venal, by those frigid hearts that dilated only for the reception of self-advantage.

It was true, Mrs. Marshall had for short periods sheltered proscribed characters of both parties, English and American ; and by such conduct proved her benevolence to be native, unadulterated by local prejudices or partialities ; but that did not protect her from the stigma of being disaffected to the English cause. It was *convenient* to make the house a garrison. A sufficient reason for the exercise of power.

We are short sighted mortals ! our mental perceptions are less microscopical than our bodily optics ; and frequently in the circle of events, those we meditate with the most tremulous apprehension for their consequences, *finally* prove the most fortuitous. Mrs. Marshall's subsequent experience taught her this truth.

Happily for this lady, Rodolpho and Horatio Therston were appointed to command the troops destined to form the defence. Since the arrangement was inevitable, Rodolpho rejoiced that the post was assigned him, to soften the asperity of oppression, and ameliorate the terrours of apprehension, which his commission might give birth to in the breasts of the timid and unprotected, was an office his heart delighted to perform ; and in the various situations that the concourse of events impelled him to act in, he had often by kindness chased sorrow from the oppressed heart, and by judicious liberality changed penury into *comfort*.

When one considers how small a portion from the stores of the affluent would uncloud the brow of misery, illumine it with cheerfulness, and elevate it with gratitude, one cannot help wondering there is so much misery in the world. What contemplation produces a feeling so near sublimity ; what pleasure can be so pure, so exquisite, as that countenance which speaks the cheerfulness of a heart we have relieved from sorrow. Our self-love tries a thousand experiments to procure gratification ; 'tis strange it does not more frequently venture on this.

In a few days Rodolpho and Therston arrived at the house of Mrs. Marshall ; they found the doors open, and every appearance of confusion through the whole. Rodolpho, who commanded the party, drew them up in the ground before the dwelling, and with Horatio proceeded to seek the family, to relate his commission, without drawn swords, or pointed bayonets, sanguine appearances from which timid femality shrinks with affright, and in such a situation, (though sanctioned by custom)

surely unnecessary to reduce them to obedience.

My readers will not be struck with the novelty of the remark, that so much are we impressed by the manner of those who address us, that the certainty of hastening calamity is not only softened by the look of sympathy, the silent tear that from feeling hearts often precedes unwelcome intelligence, but it even reconciles us to the endurance ; we are all highly susceptible of the emotions of gesture, it's a language more impressive than vocal enumeration, 'tis spontaneous, and embodies as it were the genuine feelings of the heart.

Our soldiers walked through the house without seeing an individual ; some negroes that were near, fled, affrighted on their first approach. The friends stood a short time listening to catch the sound of a voice. They did : but it was the voice of *lamentation !* the soft, but impressive moan of sorrow !

"We had better call," said Rodolpho, "I fear there has been some dreadful proceding here." It was evident from the yard we passed through that horses had lately been there.

Horatio agreed to the opinion ; they now made a noise, shook the door, and then asked aloud, if they could speak with the principals of the family. After repeating the question, as they stood at the bottom of the staircase, they perceived a female negro look over the ballustrade, give a low shriek, and retire hastily.

Horatio then in a clear voice entreated the negro to descend the stairs ; that they were not capable of oppression, but would repair the outrage they feared had been committed. He addressed the negro, but he hoped some more enlightened being would hear and understand him. They continued to entreat the appearance of some of the family ; but in vain.

Rodolpho remained at the bottom of the staircase ; while his friend went cautiously through the lower apartments, where broken furniture, and every appearance denoted that a violent outrage had been committed. The apartments were spacious and well furnished. He passed through one room that had been decorated with drawings, and all those tasteful ornaments elegant females delight to excel in. A piano forte, a pair of globes, a range that had been filled with books, some of which were gone, others on the ground ; the glasses broken, *all* told in strong characters that an informed mind inhabited the house, and that the savage hand of *power* had been there.

After repeated entreaties and considerable time elapsing, they heard a door open softly on the first floor, and gently close again. Soon a middle aged female was seen looking over the railing of the staircase.

Rodolpho perceived, and addressed her—"My dear madam," said he, "our dress is hostile, but our intention is to relieve. Every appearance informs us you have been unworthily treated, we will redress as far as in our power the injuries you have sustained.

We are not come to make war against unprotected females. Confide in us, madam.

As Rodolpho closed the last sentence, Mrs. Marshall moved slowly down the staircase in silence. She was a tall commanding figure, whose countenance bespoke a strong mind, over which indignation had cast an impressive gloom. As soon as she was descended, she motioned with her hand to an apartment and led the way. Our soldiers followed in silence.

There is a cord in the human soul that painfully vibrates at the relation of actions which disgrace its species. It is this universal sympathy of our nature that gives to the good heart a mixed sensation of remorse and sorrow at the recital. It was this sympathy, that made the friends feel, as they followed Mrs. Marshall, a sensation like the humility of a penitent mind; as if they were accountable for the transgressions of those who preceded them.

As soon as Mrs. Marshall entered the room that has been described, she requested our soldiers to be seated. "I am ready to hear your commands, gentlemen, I perceive you are British. Have either, or both of you a mother?"

They replied they had.

"Then in the *sacred* name of a *mother*, I charge you on the duty you owe them to prove yourselves *human*; and now say what is expected of me?"

"Before I tell you, madam," said Rodolpho, "the occasion of our appearance, and our number, I entreat you will receive my honour, which has never been shaded by a breach of my word, that we will protect you. Command us with the freedom of a parent, we will obey with the respect of children.

"Our orders are to make a garrison of your house. It sounds hostile; it will not be so; your persons and property shall be sacred. I have reiterated this assurance with the firmness of truth, and I depend on your confidence."

(To be continued.)

THE RESTORATOR, NO. I.

[Under this title begins a series of papers, which appeared in the New-England Palladium of 1801. We are proud of giving this elegant repast to the public at a more convenient table; and should be prouder still, could our board be furnished with a new dish from the same masterly hand.]

IN imitation of Mr. JULIEN, I mean to open a house of public entertainment, where every intellectual epicure may be gratified with his favourite dish. The moralist shall be feasted with ethics, the philologist with criticism, and the weak and delicate palates of beaus and ladies shall be indulged with remarks on dress and fashion. After the sumptuous repasts afforded by the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, &c. every succeeding candidate for public favour, in this province, must appear to disadvantage; nor have I the presumption to imagine, that I can produce any thing which can vie, in point of excellence, with the

choice dishes of those able caterers. But as the situation and habits of the new world differ considerably from those of the old, if I should he so fortunate as to hit the taste of my customers, I shall have no mean opinion of my cookery. In the mean time I shall take a short review of my predecessors, and endeavour firstly to appreciate their respective merits.

Mr. STEELE was the first adventurer in this line, who opened a restorator at the sign of the *Tatler*. The novelty of the undertaking drew many customers, though they were for some time gratified with *soup meagre*. At length Mr. ADDISON entering into partnership with him, the *Tatler* became no less famous for elegant and substantial food, than it had previously been for soups and light dishes. Their reputation and custom increasing, they removed to the sign of the *Spectator*, where they had an immense run of business, and continued, till their death, to enjoy the highest degree of public favour. No successor, indeed, has ever equalled ADDISON in that elegance of taste, or delicacy of flavour, which peculiarly distinguished his entertainments, though many have greatly surpassed STEELE.

The next restorator of eminence was opened under the auspices of Dr. JOHNSON, at the sign of the *Rambler*. It was a long time before he gained much custom, as those, who remembered the fine flavour of ADDISON's dishes, could not, at first, relish the less palatable, but more substantial food of JOHNSON. Solid merit, however, in the course of time, triumphed over prejudice, and his entertainments have now the established reputation of having been more nutritious and invigorating, than either those of his predecessors or successors. It is worthy of remark, that the best parliamentary orators always took a bit at the *Rambler*, before they went to the house.

JOHNSON afterwards formed a connexion with HAWKESWORTH, and they opened an excellent restorator at the sign of the *Adventurer*. They had much custom, and HAWKESWORTH was eminently skilful in made dishes, which he scanned with distinguished taste, by the infusion of the richest ORIENTAL ingredients. JOHNSON, after the partnership between him and HAWKESWORTH was dissolved, set up for himself at the sign of the *Idler*, and had considerable custom, till he, at length, left off business, and turned his attention to other pursuits.

LLOYD and THORNTON, some years afterwards, opened a house of entertainment at the sign of the *Connoisseur*, and were in a fair way of gaining money and credit, when a rival house was opened by MOORE, at the sign of the *World*, under the immediate patronage of the celebrated Lord CHESTERFIELD. The public mind was divided with respect to the superiority of these two restorators. The entertainments at each were rather showy than solid, and the *protegè* of CHESTERFIELD had the greater reputation for fashionable elegance. These may be styled the last of *English* restorators, for no one

has since appeared of equal excellence, in the *British* dominions, if we except the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, opened of late years, in *Scotland*, by Mc KENZIE and others. These afforded good food and well cooked, but their entertainments were inferiour to those of their predecessors in style and elegance.

Thus I have briefly stated the comparative merits of those who have gone before me, in this elegant and useful art, on the other side of the water, and hope, that I shall be excused from giving my opinion of my professional brethren in *America*, as either compliment or censure might be attributed to unworthy motives.

CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON, AS A MORALIST.

By Robert Anderson, M. D.

AS a *moralist*, his periodical papers are distinguished from those of other writers, who have derived celebrity from similar publications. He has neither the wit nor the graceful ease of Addison; nor does he shine with the humour and classic suavity of Goldsmith. His powers are of a more grave, energic, and dignified kind, than any of his competitors; and if he entertains us less, he instructs us more. He shows himself master of all the recesses of the human mind, able to detect vice, when disguised in her most specious form, and equally possessed of a corrosive to eradicate, or a lenitive to assuage the follies and sorrows of the heart. Virtuous in his object, just in his conceptions, strong in his arguments, and powerful in his exhortations, he arrests the attention of levity by the luxuriance of his imagery, and grandiloquence of his diction; while he awes detected guilt into submission by the majesty of his declamation, and the sterling weight of his opinions. But his genius is only formed to chastise graver faults, which require to be touched with an heavier hand. He could not chase away such lighter foibles as buzz in our ears in society, and fret the feelings of our less important hours. His gigantic powers were able to prepare the immortal path to heaven, but could not stoop to decorate our manners with these lesser graces, which make life amiable. Johnson, at such a task, was Hercules at the distaff, a lion coursing of a mouse, or an eagle stooping at a fly. He was formed to sustain the character of a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. His *Rambler* furnishes such an assemblage of discourses on practical religion and moral duty, of critical investigations, and allegorical and oriental tales, that no mind can be thought very deficient, that has by constant study and meditation assimilated to itself all that may be found there. Though instruction be its predominant purpose, yet it is enlivened with a considerable portion of amusement. Nos. 19, 44, 82, 88, 179, 182, 194, 195, 197, and 198, may be appealed to for instances of fertility of fancy, and accurate description of real life. Every page of the *Rambler* shows

a mind teeming with classical allusion and poetical imagery: illustrations from other writers, are upon all occasions so ready, and mingle so easily in his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid texture. The serious papers in his *Idler*, though inferiour to those in the Rambler, in sublimity and splendour, are distinguished by the same dignified morality and solemn philosophy, and lead to the same great end of diffusing wisdom, virtue, and happiness. The humourous papers are light and lively, and more in the manner of Addison.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

[The article under this head in our last number was selected from the European Magazine Vol. 38. p. 88. The following remarks, in reply, were inserted in p. 193 of the same publication.]

To the Editor.

Sir,

I TAKE the liberty of troubling you with a remark or two on the alteration of a verse in St. James' Epistle, which appeared in your Magazine for last month. The author, after considering the tenses, and derivations of the greek words δόσις, and δώρημα, translates the former "*a giving*," and proposes for a new reading of the verse, "Every *good giving*, and every perfect gift, is from above;" an alteration, in my opinion, altogether unnecessary, and unprofitable. Indeed, one would have thought your correspondent himself must have felt some doubts of its propriety, when he was under the necessity of adding a paraphrase, to make his new translation intelligible.

I have consulted several Commentators on this subject: of these, Hammond and Purver alone make any variation from the common version, and that only in words, the sense being the same; thus Hammond for "*good gift*" reads "*good largess*," and Purver for "*perfect gift*" substitutes "*perfect thing bestowed.*" Scarlet, in his new translation of the Testament follows the *common reading* of this verse, *which* surely does not require any alteration, as it is already sufficiently literal, and, at the same time, the sense is so clear and obvious, that it cannot be mistaken. The repetition of the word gift, so far from being disagreeable or improper, in my opinion, adds force and energy to the whole sentence.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
J. B.

Bishop Hildesley's character of Seed's sermons.

(Sent with a Letter to a Friend.)

HIS discourses are beautiful pieces of patch-work, animated by a sprightly imagination. They go down, in reading, like a rich cordial; where you are sensible of a thousand varieties and delicious flavours, but so artfully blended, that it is not in your power to distinguish from what flowers the industrious bee collected such a mixture of sweetness. His sudden and unexpected turns and conclusions give such a spring to the mind, as the

unforeseen encounter of a fair lady, amidst the profuse varieties of a delightful garden. A turn with him is a walk upon fairy ground; a new enchantment arises at every step. He is sometimes so elaborate, that the *work* is all, the *matter* nothing: and his thoughts are so overdressed with an excess of ornament, that he more resembles a toy shop than a well-furnished parlour. Like some florists, who are fond of one flower or two, his garden is over-run with similies and allusions; and I wish his metaphors were as just as they are often bold and daring. His sentences too frequently run into a point, and sometimes low witticisms; the consequence of which is an inequality of style, and too sudden transitions from the point in view.

Pardon the folly of these observations, which it is probable I am not able to defend. Upon the whole, I am charmed with his discourses. A few inaccuracies, the result of hurry, uncautiousness, or the frailty of human nature, ought not to be charged to a writer, who does so much honour to wit, reason, and religion: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.* He that instructs the head, and warms the heart, may be allowed to slacken his course; and though like a candle, the light may sometimes be obscured, like it, he burns brighter after snuffing. A plain suit better becomes his subject, than all the lace and embroidery he bestows with so lavish a hand upon it.

WALKER'S CRITICISM.

Scirrhus, pronounced skir'rus, an indurated gland.

This word is sometimes, but improperly, written *schirrus*, with the *h* in the first syllable instead of the last; and Bailey has given us two aspirations, and spelt it *schirrhus*; both of which modes of spelling the word are contrary to the general analogy of orthography; for as the word comes from the Greek σκίῤῥος, the latter *r* only can have the aspiration, as the first of these double letters has always the *spiritus lene*; and the *c* in the first syllable, arising from the Greek κ, and not the χ, no more reason can be given for placing the *h* after it, by spelling it *schirrus*, than there is for spelling *scene* from σκηνὴ, *schene*; or *sceptre*, from σκηπτρον *scheptre*. The most correct Latin orthography confirms this opinion, by spelling the word in question *scirrhus*; and, according to the most settled analogy of our own language, and the constant method of pronouncing words from the Greek and Latin, the *c* ought always to be soft before the *i* in this word, and the first syllable should be pronounced like the first of *syr-inge*, *Sir-i-us*, &c.

Whatever might have been the occasion of the false orthography of this word, its false pronunciation seems fixed beyond recovery: and Dr. Johnson tells us it ought to be written *skirrhus*, not merely because it comes from σκίῤῥος, but because *c* in English has before *e* the sound of *s*. Dr. Johnson is the last man I should have suspected of giving such advice. What! because a false orthography has obtained, and a false pronunciation in consequence of it, must both these errours be confirmed by a still grosser departure from analogy? A little reflection on the consequences of so pernicious a practice would, I doubt

not, have made Dr. Johnson retract his advice here, as well as in *Skiomachy*. While a true orthography remains, there is some hope that a false pronunciation may be reclaimed; but when once the orthography is altered, pronunciation is incorrigible, and we must bow to the tyrant, however false may be his title.

Speech of Hon. Governeur Morris over the dead body of General Hamilton.

Fellow-Citizens,

IF on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavour to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own, and yet I fear that instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a wailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to portray the heroic spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia! He was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal and so brilliant his services, that we heard his name before we knew his person.—It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of *Washington* soon perceived the manly spirit which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men he was selected as an aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the most important scenes of our revolution.

At the siege of *York*, he pertinaciously insisted and he obtained the command of a forlorn hope. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favour—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at *Philadelphia*; he there assisted in forming that constitution which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity. In signing the compact he expressed his apprehension that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we would share the fate of many other republics and pass through anarchy to despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people; and above all we trusted in the protecting Providence of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. This generous

indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to establish and to preserve the constitution. If then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, O! pardon that single error, in a life devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, *Washington* sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity—All these he found in *Hamilton*. The system then adopted has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect; recollect the circumstances of the moment; recollect the conflict of opinion, and above all, remember that *the minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people.* The administration which *Washington* formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity, of which there is no example in any other age or nation. The part which *Hamilton* bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions which he believed to be sincere, led him to trust too much to the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign. The care of a rising family, and the narrowness of his fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests. I declare to you, before that God in whose presence we are now so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness.

You well remember the state of things which again called forth *Washington* from his retreat to lead your armies. You know that he asked for *Hamilton* to be his second in command. That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of time pinching life at its source. It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and that his second would succeed to the command. He knew, by experience, the importance of that place—and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided to the hand which now lies cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow citizens, remember this solemn testimonial, that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition; and, wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called on to expose his life in defence of his country. This determination was immoveable.

It was his fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for place or power. He was ambitious only for glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing, but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—There lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public services, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the Bar—You have lost your brightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and with laudable zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principle of justice.

Fellow Citizens—You have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence. You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted your favour by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. *I charge you to protect his fame*—it is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But, my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favour. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion, ask, *Would Hamilton have done this thing?*

You all know how he perished. On this last scene, I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Suffer not your indignation to lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice; for his voice you will hear no more; let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now, ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office, and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave!

EXTRACT FROM BISHOP HALL.

THERE was never any nature without envy; every man is born a Cain; hating that goodness in another which he neglecteth in himself. There was never envy that was not bloody; for if it eat not another's heart, it will eat our own: but unless it be restrained, it will surely feed itself with the blood of others; oft-times in act, always in affection: and that God, which in good accepts the will for the deed, condemns the will for the deed in evil. If there be an evil heart, there will be an evil eye; and if both these, there will be an evil hand.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1804.

A sermon delivered before the members of the New North religious society, Boston, May 2, 1804, upon the completion of their house of worship. By John Eliot, pastor of the New North church. Boston. E. Lincoln. 8*vo.* *pp.* 31.

SOME writers have expressed an opinion, that every sermon should be a persuasive oration; that careless elegance is to be preferred to methodical preciseness; and that the exact forms of method, usually observed in this species of composition, give to it a stiff and inelegant manner, at the same time that it shackles genius and cramps invention. Those who are fond of this sort of address will find it happily displayed in this discourse.

The author professes *to 'give a historical sketch of that church; that, by delineating the characters of our fathers, the present generation may be instructed.'* This, we think, he has done, if not in a methodical, yet in a manner not less pleasing. After some pertinent observations upon *heathen*, *jewish*, and *christian* worship, he gives a particular account of the origin and progress of that religious society; the moral and literary character of its former ministers; and successfully vindicates the *clergy and laity of former times* from the charge of possessing or countenancing *'the levelling genius of fanaticism.'* He concludes with congratulations and remarks, thoughts and exhortations pertinent and impressive.

The following specimens are among some of its most eloquent parts.

After observing the expiration of almost a century since the establishment of that church, the mind of the speaker seems awakened, and, as if reflecting on the mighty ravages of death during so long a period, with true pathos he inquires—

"But our fathers, where are they? How many have served their generation and fallen asleep! In such a number of years how many alterations are made in human affairs!

"Things of great endurance have their changes. Not only magnificent edifices, solemn temples and the face of a city discover the hand of time, but mighty revolutions take place in the earth. While we contemplate the beauty of society in one place, or behold the order, the improvement and blessings of social life.....in other places its fair face is marred and its symmetry entirely destroyed. But if mountains and hills are shaken, and the tempestuous sea toss her troubled waves on high, marvel not that man is mortal, or that so many of mankind are prostrate in the dust."

Remarking the frequency with which talents in their minister are apt to be disregarded, after a time, by such as are fond of novel sounds—

"Ministers," says he, "of superiour characters have had reason to com-

plain, if this be a subject of complaint, of preaching the best studied discourses to very thin auditories; and we have known some who have lost those talents, which once commanded admiration. Although their sun has set without a cloud, it has been shorn of its beams."

In the conclusion the author is eloquent and impressive.

"In heaven we shall all meet, if we are worthy to join the celestial family. According to our eminence in virtue, or as we bear the image of our Maker, we shall shine with noble lustre in the midst of the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven, even in the fairest lines upon the pillars of that glorious temple, where the prayers of the saints are like golden vials full of odour; with harps in their hands they sing the wonders of redeeming love. The triumphs of the cross shall be full. The mysteries of providence shall be unfolded. Faith being turned into sight, and hope fixing her anchor on the celestial shore, love shall tune every harp; all the angelic hosts shall shout with new joy, beholding his glory, who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

"Him that overcometh," &c.

On the whole, though this discourse fail in that method and connexion, which the best writers on the composition of sermons require; yet the diffuseness of the subject, and the many local incidents proper to introduce on such an occasion, are a sufficient apology. Especially, as it carries such evident marks of lively genius and literary taste, of that correct sentiment and christian charity, which eminently distinguish its author.

An oration, pronounced July 4, 1804, at the request of the Selectmen of the town of Boston, in commemoration of the Anniversary of American Independence. By Dr. Thomas Danforth. Second edition. Boston. Russell & Cutler. 8*vo*. *pp.* 22.

THIS performance is introduced with an animated, but brief sketch of the efforts of mankind, in ancient and modern times, to vindicate their liberty and to resist oppression. The orator glances over the revolutions of ages, and describes in appropriate language, the terrific scenes, which have been produced by the ambition and cruelty of man. Perhaps the description is too highly coloured: at least, the history of nations will not authorize 'the philanthropist', mourning over the splendid ruin of things, to ask in his 'sensibility,' whether 'a blind fatality holds the destiny of empire,' or to conclude, that former ages and other nations present but a dreary 'waste.' Whoever studies history with attention and impartiality must be convinced, that wherever nations have been regardful of justice, they have enjoyed prosperity; and that their misfortunes, their misery, and their subversion have been the natural consequence of their degeneracy. If this is true, the power of 'blind fatality' is excluded. Could we fully view events and all their connexions; could we see at a glance the present, the past and the future; we should be convinced, that the moral government of the Supreme Being was as regular

and certain, as his government of the natural universe. We derive this article of faith from our holy religion, and we most cheerfully acquiesce in its truth.

The Doctor then notices the settlement of our country, and pays a just tribute to the magnanimity of our ancestors and to the heroes of our revolution. He proceeds to remark on the establishment of the Federal government, by the adoption of that compact, which he elegantly describes, 'as not merely the sketch of liberty,' but 'the work complete.' After dwelling on the success and elevation, which resulted to our country from the wise and equal administration of the general government in former times; he proceeds to point out the dangers, to which we are exposed from faction and party rage, those avenging angels, delighting in the calamity of republics.

This oration deserves much respect. The political sentiments are dignified, and evince, that the author glows with a patriotic zeal for the honour and happiness of his country.

We take this opportunity to remark, that it was pronounced in a superiour style of elocution. To the clear and commanding tone of voice, the animated expression and elegant gesture of the orator, combined with the justness of the sentiment and its unison with the feelings of the audience, must we attribute the enthusiasm, with which it was received.

But in discharging the duties of our censorial office, we must notice the defects as well as the beauties of the several subjects, which pass in our review. If the literary character of our country is, in any degree, to be affected by the productions of our orators, and we believe that foreigners have often, from a view of these, been led to form opinions unfavourable to our taste and erudition; it becomes necessary, to chastise the excesses of fancy, and to reduce, if possible, the popular taste to a just regard for correctness in thought and simplicity in expression.

In perusing this work, we find that the writer, spurning the cold rules of criticism, is sometimes hurried into extravagance in sentiment and expression, and even into some grammatical inaccuracies. His field is extensive: but aiming to crowd too much within the limits, which he prescribed to himself, his arrangement is not clear. The images are not distinct; the limits of light and shade are not well defined; and from the confusion among the parts, the beauty of the design is obscured and its effect diminished. Perhaps likewise it may be objected to this performance, that it is not sufficiently appropriate for the occasion. It is true, that on this day we assemble around the altars of our country, to retrace 'the feelings, the manners and sentiments,' which led to the establishment of our independence. On this day, age relaxes from its gravity and retraces the scenes of youth: labour is suspended: scenes of pomp, festivity and national exultation present themselves to our view: Such an opportunity is most favourable for eloquence to delineate the principles of the revolution, and to stimulate us to sustain its

glory. But let it be recollected, that the means of perpetuating our liberty are now more interesting to us, than those of its acquisition; and therefore, whilst the orator may dwell with pride on the past dangers and former glory of our country, he may with great propriety also portray the evils of our condition, describe the enemies which threaten us, and point to the means of defence.

An oration, on the cession of Louisiana to the United States, delivered on the 12th of May, 1804, in St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C. at the request of a number of the inhabitants, and published by their desire. By David Ramsay, M. D. Charleston..... Young. 12*mo.*

WHATEVER may be our opinion of the event, which occasioned this oration, and of the effect, which that event will have on the Union in a general and particular view; we must do this justice to the production, that its style is worthy the celebrated historian of our revolution, and that it contains an eloquent defence of the measure, which it celebrates. Dr. Ramsay first describes the geopraphical advantages of Louisiana, containing a great extent of climate, and abounding in a rich variety of productions in the animal, vegetable, and mineral departments of nature. Such is its fertility, that it is "equal to the support of a population, far exceeding the many millions which inhabit Great-Britain, Ireland, France, Spain and Portugal." The Dr. in raptures at the acquisition, and regardful, as he appears in other parts of this performance to be, of whatever is favourable to the multiplication of human beings capable of happiness, exclaims: "All this immense country is ours in trust for posterity. With such an ample reversion, what reason has any single man to be afraid of matrimony? or what ground is there for any married man to be alarmed at the prospect of a numerous family?..... Here are plantations enough, and enough, for our children and our children's children, for centuries to come."

The author then considers the political advantages, which will result to the United States from the cession of Louisiana. It will give them "power and consequence in the scale of nations.... increase their prospects of peace and union....advance their commerce and manufactures.....give additional security to their free constitutions, and in a variety of ways promote and extend human happiness."

He considers, that "if the designs of the French for colonizing Louisiana had been carried into effect, New-Orleans would, in the hands of that wonderful man, who presides over France, have been the fulcrum of an immense lever, by which he would have elevated or depressed our western country in subserviency to his gigantic projects. Our right of deposit at New Orleans, and of the free navigation of the Missisippi, would have been considered as terminating with

the termination of the government of Spain, which had granted these privileges." Had the French colonized Louisiana, as they proposed, they would probably have been very troublesome neighbours. Their spirit, hostile to the happiness of other nations, regards all means, lawful or unlawful, as instruments, which may be fairly used in effecting their own aggrandisement. But we do not apprehend, that this settlement would have been attended with all those deleterious consequences, which Dr. Ramsay imagines. The United States had power, and we think, they would have had sufficient spirit, to vindicate the rights which were secured to them by treaty. No transfer on the part of Spain could affect the rights of the United States. She could convey only her own rights: and no principle is more simple or just, than that one individual shall not by his grant prejudice the rightful claim of a stranger.

There is we think, much more fancy, than judment, in Dr. Ramsay's inference, that because "America is formed on a nobler scale of grandeur, than either Europe, Asia or Africa;" that because her "lakes are of greater extent, her rivers longer and her mountains more elevated than theirs;" and because "the elephant of the east is far inferiour to the mammoth of the west," that we may thence indulge a hope, "that the inhabitants of a country so eminèntly distinguished by the Author of nature, are destined to form political associations of a large size, and that these will enjoy an uncommon portion of happiness." When Rome had conquered the world, she tottered under her own weight: the extent of her empire served only to precipitate her fall, and to render her ruin more conspicuous. Dr. R.'s mode of reasoning is puerile; the sentiment is opposed by the experience of former ages.* Perhaps however, as the present is the age of theory, and as the people of the United States have more wisdom and virtue, than were ever possessed by any other people in any age or country; we are to reject the experience of the past, and to establish principles and to produce examples for future times. Let the principle be boldly avowed; so that we may learn to pay due honours to every theoretic statesman and philosopher. But to be serious. It may be well questioned, whether it would be a political blessing to our country, to be placed at an immeasurable distance from all other nations, or that its borders should, like some of the despotic empires of the east, consist of vast, uninhabited and uncultivated tracts of land. The neighbourhood of powerful states, watching its progress, and ready to take advantage of its divisions, must tend to animate our spirit and to compress and unite our councils. The happiness of a nation does not arise from the number of its

---

* *Eâ tempestate mihi imperium populi Romani multò maxumè miserabile visum: cui quum ad occasum ab ortu solis omnia domita armis paterent, domi otium atque divitiæ, quæ prima mortales putant, adfluerent, fuere tamen cives qui seque remque publicam obstinatis animis perditum irent.* Sal. Cat. Bel. xxxvi.

citizens : its power is not always to be measured by extent of territory : if the contrary were true, then it would become the policy of our country, to extend its domains, till the oceans should constitute its only limits, and the whole continent should compose but one colossal empire, bound together by one federal compact.

From the former character of Dr. Ramsay, we expected to find in this pamphlet the speculations of a temperate politician : we had hoped to see him elevated above the hopes or fears of party, and regarding the present divisions of political opinion as momentary, mutable and vanishing with the breath of the contending partizans : we had trusted, that we should find him calmly viewing this great national event in its relations, and pronouncing on its policy and on its probable consequences with that dignified reserve, which should be adopted, when we speak of the future condition of states and empires. We confess, that we are disappointed. He pronounces in a peremptory manner, that next to the establishment of our independence, and the adoption of the federal constitution, "this heaven-sent boon," "the acquisition of Louisiana is the greatest political blessing ever conferred on the United States." He assures us, that among its other advantages, it will "encourage emigration from foreign countries." One would suppose, that if it is true, as Dr. R. asserts, "that the population of the United States doubles every twenty-five years;" "that in two centuries it will increase to twelve hundred and eighty millions of inhabitants, and that the great grandsons of our present children, without any extraordinary series of longevity, may live to see this amazing increase of our numbers;" if it is true likewise, as he says in another place, that "the citizens of the United States, in the heyday of youthful blood, with minds free from debasing passions, and bodies strengthened by daily labour, are capable of such multiplication, as will soon fill this whole country with a healthful, active progeny;" we need not be very solicitous to invite foreigners to occupy the soil, which will soon be wanted by posterity. If only the wise and virtuous citizens of foreign states would come among us; we might with great propriety favour their emigration, and even purchase a new territory for their accommodation. But the wise and virtuous citizens of foreign states are held in due estimation at home, and seldom emigrate. The mass of foreigners, who have sought an asylum in the United States, have been compelled to that measure by their poverty or their crimes : their exile has been far more necessary for them, than fortunate for us. If this is true, then our extended empire ought not to hold out to every profligate, discontented citizen of the old world, the language of inspiration : "Come unto me all ye that labour, and I will give you rest." Such a profanation of sacred scripture is unworthy of the character of Dr. R. and excites in us both surprise and regret.

The following extract from this oration will give an idea of Dr. Ramsay's style.

" Judging of the future by the past, what may an infant, born this day, expect to see, in case of his surviving to the age of four score? What do your old citizens now see, compared with what was the population of this country in the days of their youth? If some angel, hovering over the chamber in which your venerable fellow-citizen, General Gadsden, drew his first breath, and foreseeing his ardent patriotism, had pronounced with an audible voice, these words: " The infant just now born, will live " to see the population of his native " country, South-Carolina, advanced " from thirty-two thousand, to three " hundred and forty-five thousand.... nought but conviction that an angel spoke, would have procured the smallest credit to the extraordinary prediction; but we, who now live, and can compare the registers of our population at different periods, know that what would then have been doubtful, as prophecy, is now an established historical fact."

This extract reminds us, however, of a celebrated passage in Mr. Burke's " Speech on moving his resolutions for conciliation with the colonies, March 22, 1775." We shall add that also. There is an *admirable coincidence* in the sentiment and manner of both. No one will suggest, that this extract from the oration is a feeble imitation of that passage; or that Dr. R. had ever seen that speech; or that he was in any respect indebted to the English orator. He would, in such case, have confessed his obligations to the original. Gratitude, and a regard to justice, invariably distinguish the truly great mind.

" Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age, at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough *acta parentum jam legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus*—Suppose, Sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues, which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when, in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the healing issue of moderate and happy councils) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, Lord Chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to an higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one—If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him——" Young man, there " is America—which at this day serves " for little more than to amuse you " with stories of savage men, and un- " couth manners; yet shall, before you " taste of death, shew itself equal to " the whole of that commerce which " now attracts the envy of the world. " Whatever England has been growing " to by a progressive increase of im- " provement, brought in by varieties of " people, by succession of civilizing " conquests and civilizing settlements " in a series of seventeen hundred " years, you shall see as much added to " her by America in the course of a sin- " gle life!" If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not

require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it ? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it ! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day !"

We have extended our observations on this pamphlet farther than we intended. But its singular political character must be our apology. With respect to the cession of Louisiana many of our wisest and most upright citizens are filled with doubtful apprehension, relative to its policy. By this measure, the political importance of the states east of the Delaware will in time be annihilated ; and therefore they consider it as a violation of those equal principles, on which the Union was established. They consider likewise, that this monstrous addition of territory will create an excessive preponderance in the southern department, which will be the inevitable, though perhaps remote cause of the dismemberment of the empire.

On such a subject, abounding with difficulty, we must conclude with the expression of a Roman historian : NOBIS EA RES PRO MAGNITUDINE PARUM COMPERTA EST. R.

A true History of the Conquest of Mexico. By Capt. Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the conquerors. Written in the year 1568. *Translated from the original Spanish by Maurice Keating, Esq. In* 2 *vols.* 8*vo. Printed in London... Reprinted in Salem by Joshua Cushing for Cushing & Appleton.* 1803.

OLD books, which have lasted their century, and would be forgotten, are sometimes put into a modern dress, and catch the attention of readers, who would never be allured to an acquaintance with the original authors.

We know very little of the authors who published accounts of the settlement of South-America, but through English writers, some of whom were the most brilliant historians of the present age. After reading the *European Settlements* by an Englishman who merited the reputation he had in the republick of letters ; and the more celebrated work of *Robertson* ; we are ready to think, it is like leaving the pure limpid stream for a stream of mud, to take up such a work as the history of *Bernal Diaz del Castillo.* But if our object be truth we should search for it wherever it is to be found. This author is more capable of giving true information than any other, for he was eye-witness of what he relates ; and he relates things as they were, with the honest heart of a soldier ; having no interest to deceive, and no temptation to blazon events which were sufficiently important in a *simple unvarnished tale.* We are pleased with the simplicity and sincerity of a man who thus begins :

" I Bernal Diaz del Castillo, regidor of this loyal city of Guatimala, and author of the following true history, during the time I was writing the same, happened to see a work composed by Francisco Lopez de Gomara, the elegance of which made me blush for the vulgarity of my own, and throw down my pen in despair. But when I had read it, I found the whole was a misrepresentation, and also that in his ex-

traordinary exaggeration of the numbers of the natives, and of those who were killed in the different battles, his account was utterly unworthy of belief. We never much exceeded four hundred men, and if we had found such numbers bound hand and foot, we could not have put them to death. But the fact was, we had enough to do to protect ourselves; for, I vow to God, and say amen thereto, that we were every day repeating our prayers, and supplicating to be delivered from the troubles that surrounded us."

And yet we find this Lopez de Gomara is the writer upon whom most of the Spanish historians have rested for their accounts of the conquest of the new world, and he is quoted by the British writers as their oracle for information. The reason is, we love songs better than wisdom; and are soon tired of treading a path which is not strewed with flowers, and where surrounding objects do not tempt the thoughts to rove in all the luxuriance of fancy. But the wise say, that 'the art and 'beauty of historical composition 'is to write truth.' This is an observation of our author, equally just and well expressed. But we may add that although truth, like other beauties, appears lovely in a plain dress, yet we are not against ornament, where it is not meretricious; and if ever a subject required bold figures and a glowing style, we should expect it in a picture which exhibited the conduct and character of the Spaniards who laid prostrate the Mexican empire.

There is one point of view in which the present history is interesting. It gives due justice to the valour of the soldiers, instead of ascribing all the glory to Cortez, though he readily allows him both wisdom and bravery. But it seems that, in the first Spanish accounts, *his* policy, *his* piety, *his* wonderful achievements absorb the attention of the reader, as they drew at first the admiration of mankind. Every soldier however deserved part of the glory; and every soldier, according to the account given in this book, had his share in the praises of their general as well as his perils, while their services were needed. Our author is excusable in relating things concerning himself, which he appears to do in sincerity, and without that exaggeration which some modern characters of military renown have found necessary in getting themselves a name.

We should suppose such a work as this would be confined to military exploits. It is surely the main thing; yet there are very entertaining digressions, and some descriptions of the country quite minute: how accurate, we pretend not to hold an opinion!

In a late oration at the southward, in praise of the *purchase of Louisiana*, it is said we exceed the old world in the magnitude of our rivers and mountains; "that the elephant of the east is "far inferiour to the mammoth "of the west in point of size!" What a pity it is that the orator had not read a passage in this plain narrative of Diaz! 'They 'said their ancestors had told 'them that in former times the 'country was inhabited by men 'and women of great stature and 'wicked manners, whom their 'ancestors had at length extir-'pated; and in order that we

'might judge of the bulk of this 'people, they brought us a bone 'which had belonged to one of 'them, so large that when placed 'upright it was as high as a mid-'dling sized man; it was the 'bone between the knee and the 'hip; I stood by it, and it was 'of my height, though I am as 'tall as the generality of men. 'They brought also pieces of 'other bones of great size, but 'much consumed by time; but 'the one I have mentioned was 'entire. We were astonished at 'these remains, and thought that 'they certainly demonstrated the 'former existence of giants.' P. 163. of Vol. 1.

This bone, he says, was sent home to the king of Spain. Perhaps the same kind of bones may be found in Louisiana, which will be an evidence *complete* that our country exceeds Europe in men, as well as Asia and Africa in the size of other animals. We cannot suppose that such giants are now living, neither have we known any thing of the mammoth but—the bones.

We shall give, in our review of this book, an extract which is curious; and in the style and manner of our author.

"Of the achievements of Cortez a part of the honour also falls to me, for I was one of the most forward in every battle by his side, as I was in many others when he sent me, under different captains, to conquer provinces, as it is found written in my history how, when, and where.

"Also when Cortez returned to Europe the first time to kiss his majesty's feet, he informed him that he had many valiant captains and companions in the Mexican wars, and who he believed did not yield to the most famous in ancient history. Of this praise a proportionate part falls to me. Further, at Algiers, he said much in praise of his companions the conquerors. Of this I come in for my portion, as I was one of them.

"As to what the licentiates say, that I praise myself too much, and that I ought to leave it to be done by others, I say that in common life it is the custom of neighbours to speak of each other, as each deserves; but he who never was in the wars with us, nor saw them, nor heard of them, how can he speak of us? Were the birds that flew over our heads, while in battle, to give account of us? Or the clouds? Who then was to speak our praises but we ourselves? Indeed, gentlemen licentiates, said I, had you found that I detracted from the honour due to one of our valiant captains or soldiers, and ascribed it to myself, then you might justly blame me. But the fact is, I do not praise myself so much as I ought.

"I will now make a comparison, although on one side the subject is very high, on the other a poor soldier like myself. Historians say that the great emperor and warrior, Julius Cæsar, was in fifty-three pitched battles. I say that I was in many more battles than J. Cæsar, as may be seen in this my history. Historians say, this J. Cæsar was brave and active in battle, and that when he had time he committed to writing, at night, with his own hand, his heroic actions, although he had many historians, not choosing to trust the office to them. Truly, this happened many years ago, and may or may not be the case; whereas, what I relate happened yesterday, as it may be said. It is therefore not extraordinary if I relate the battles in which I fought, that in future ages it shall be said, Thus did Bernal Diaz del Castillo....in order that my sons and their posterity shall enjoy the praises of their ancestor, in the manner that many cavaliers and lords of vassals, at the present day, do the fames and blazons of their predecessors. I will, however, drop the subject, lest the detracting malicious, to whom these things are odious, should charge me with digressing too much. There are also conquerors now living,

to contradict me if I were in error, and the world is so malevolent, that any such thing would hardly pass without animadversion, but the narrative itself is the best testimony of its veracity."

The translator of this work seems to aim at the simplicity of the original. In some places, he almost forgets the idiom of his own language, from a familiar use of the homely style of the Spaniard.

"Each of them had a branch of roses, which he occasionally *smelt to*."

"Be it how it may, however, here they brought us."

Such expressions should not be committed to writing; they sound oddly in common conversation; yet Mr. Keating might think it necessary to keep close to the original, for he appears to possess a command of language and style, and upon the whole has done admirably well in this translation.

We should not do justice to the printers, if we did not say that their part is finished with more than common excellence. This American edition of the Spanish history is as well executed as any book which has been published, and we indulge a hope that the sale of it will give lively encouragement to such laudable undertakings.

FROM THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Boston: a poem. By Winthrop Sargent. Boston. Sprague. *pp.* 23.

THIS poem seems intended as an imitation of Dr. Johnson's "London." There is, however, very little similarity in its topics. It is a very brief descant on the discouragements which genius meets with in America; on the frailty and inelegance of our architecture, in that mode of building which exposes our towns, and particularly Boston, to the ravages of fire; on the broils and animosities of party, and on the absurdities of fashion and dress, manners, amusements, music and poetry. On each of these topics the poet expatiates briefly, but with considerable spirit and elegance. He is most copious, and writes with most energy on the folly of wooden buildings. The lines on this subject will afford a very advantageous specimen of the performance, and few readers will refuse to join in the justice of the sentence pronounced:

Yet here no splendid monuments arise,
No dome ascends, no turret strikes the skies.
Where spires should parley with the setting sun,
And shine with lustre when the day is done;
A pyre of shapeless structures crowds the spot,
Where taste, and all but cheapness, is forgot.
One little spark the funeral pile may fire,
And Boston blazing, see itself expire.

Monstrous collection! where the wondering sight,
Beholds but few in symmetry unite.
These, carelessly disposed among the rest,
Seem rough-hew'd diamonds meanly set at best,
The walls of these, in some sad future day,
May serve to shew the traveller where it lay;
Awake his pity, and excite a sigh,
For parsimonious prodigality.

Each night the tenant, though with fasten'd door,
Awaking starts from slumbers insecure;
Views the bright casement of his window glare,
And hears the brazen clamour in the air.
Ascending columns point the fatal doom,
And flashing, rend uncertain midnight's gloom.
Along the streets tumultuous thunders fly,
While *waking watchmen* join the dismal cry.
All headlong rush, attracted by the blaze,
And croud around to moralize and gaze.
Some more benevolence, than judgment have,
And, over anxious, ruin what they save;
Too idly active, mischievously kind,
Throw from the windows every thing they find.
Part 'gainst the rest unconsciously conspire,
And loud confusion mounts on wings of fire.
But half attir'd, and wrapp'd in nightly dress,
The shivering, houseless victims of distress
A shelter seek; perhaps of all bereft,
Or stay to guard the worthless little left:
Yet with the blushes of another day,
They scrape the ashes from the spot away;
And aided by subscription's liberal hands,
On the warm spot another mansion stands,
Larger by far, more comely to the view,
Of better *boards* and better *shingles* too.
So those who live near burning Etna's base,
Charm'd by the magic thunders of the place,
Though fiery torrents desolate the plain,
Return enchanted to the spot again.

The following lines on the fashionable style of poetry, reflect much credit on the writer:

Sonnets and *riddles* celebrate the trees,
And ballad-mongers charter every breeze.
Long *odes* to monkies, *squirrel elegies*,
Lines and *acrostics* on dead butterflies;
Endless *effusions*, some with Greek bedight,
And hymns harmonious, sweet, as infinite,
So freely flow, that poesy ere long
Must yield to numbers, and expire by song.
Elegiac lays such taste and truth combine,
The lap-dog lives and barks in every line.
Each rebus-maker takes the poet's name,
And every rhymer is the heir of fame.

On the whole, there is much strength of imagery, and spirited versification in this little performance. Should the writer continue to pursue the same path, we doubt whether his own case would not prove an exception to the charge so often made against America, of being insensible and inattentive to genius of its own growth. It is the spirit of satire to deal out invectives without measure, and to heap penalties on the breach of laws, the very breach of which carries its own punishment along with it. Thus the insensibility to poetical and literary merit, so far as this insensibility is real, ought to entitle us to condolence and compassion, rather than to chiding and rebuke, since to want this faculty, is to want a source of very great pleasure; and since no man is enabled to acquire it by reproach and ridicule. O.

LONDON REVIEW.

[From the same London Catalogue, which furnished an article in this place in the two last Anthologies, we make one more extract, rather for the amusement than the information of our readers.]

THE news of *American* litera-

ture, which were communicated in our Review for last month, respected the recent publications, chiefly of Boston and New-York. We now insert some particulars of information concerning the state of letters at Philadelphia and Charleston.

A novel, under the title of *Arthur Mervyn ;* or, *Memoirs of the year* 1793, was lately published at Philadelphia. It engaged, in a considerable degree, the notice of the Philadelphia public. The author is described, in the title, as a native citizen of that capital. Perhaps, it is recommended, not so much by its merits in the character of a work of imagination, as by allusions to the politics or artificial manners of the times.

Theological, or perhaps, atheistical speculation still employs, at times, the cogitations of the profound thinkers in Pennsylvania. A new work of this sort, named *Letters on the Existence and Character of the Deity*, has lately appeared at Philadelphia. The book itself we have not seen ; but there seems to be a sort of religious indecency in the very title, which could hardly, as we should think, have fallen from an author that meant well to theism.

A Mr. Proud has recently published at Philadelphia, a *History of Pennsylvania*, which might perhaps be reprinted in London, with both commercial and literary advantage.

The political ribaldry of a Philadelphian news-writer of the name of Corbett, but assuming the fictitious name of Peter Porcupine appears to us to have received greatly too much encouragement from Britain. To employ such wretched instruments for any political purpose, is, certainly, just as if one should adopt the catcall, instead of the trumpet, as an instrument of martial music. We are, therefore, not ill pleased to announce, that Mr. Peter Porcupine has just been satirized in a piece, named the *Porcupiniad*, and published at Philadelphia, by Matthew Carey, a scribbler of his own kidney.

Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton has delivered before the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, an oration on the origin, the languages, and the physical structure, of the American Indians ; which was highly admired by the hearers ; and is to be speedily published.

An agricultural work of considerable value has been lately published at Charleston, under the title of *Observations on the culture of Cotton*, by Lewis Dupre, of Georgetown, South Carolina. The same distractions in the French West India Islands, which have contributed to make the produce of the British West Indies so remarkably valuable, during the progress of the present war, must, no doubt, have encouraged, in the southern territories of the American States, an unusual attention to the culture of those vegetables which were, before, more or less common to them with the West Indian isles.

The common law of England is still, by the concession of the legislatures, and the custom of the courts, almost in full force in America. Yet, the course of government and jurisdiction, cannot but gradually create, in the

United States, a practical law peculiar to themselves, and which must be a ramification from the law of England, as that of England is from the Feudal law, the parent of all the different forms of legislature and jurisprudence which subsist throughout Europe. For America, this peculiar jurisprudence begins to be formed by the successive acts of the legislatures, and more particularly by the recorded arguments and decisions of the courts. One of the most important publications that has been presented for sale at Philadelphia, within these last few months, is, *Reports by a Mr. Dallas, of Cases which have been decided upon in the Supreme Court in the United States.* In truth, there can be no publications more valuable than such reports as these. They are, at once, collections of precedents to guide the lawyer; and to the philosopher and the historian, records the most interesting, of the state of industry, commerce, manners and opinions.

In the perusal of the newspapers and other periodical publications of America, there is only one thing that strikes us very remarkably, as giving them, in this instance, a superiority to those of England. The *American Advertisements* are universally written with a simplicity, a clearness, a precision, a brevity, and by consequence, an elegance, which we in vain look for in the advertisement columns of an English, an Irish, or a Scottish newspaper.

It is curious to remark, how that in every country the public *diversions* take their character from the peculiarities of trade and industry, and from the ordinary modes of life. We observe it mentioned, as an extraordinary interesting exhibition, which attracted general and eager attention; that a *female harlequin*, on the theatre, leaped through a *hogshead* of fire!!

The publication of a new Weekly Magazine has been in the present year commenced at Philadelphia, by Ezekiel Forman.

THE ORAN OTAN.

PERE Carbasson brought up an oran otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

ture, which were communicated in our Review for last month, respected the recent publications, chiefly of Boston and New-York. We now insert some particulars of information concerning the state of letters at Philadelphia and Charleston.

A novel, under the title of *Arthur Mervyn ;* or, *Memoirs of the year* 1793, was lately published at Philadelphia. It engaged, in a considerable degree, the notice of the Philadelphia public. The author is described, in the title, as a native citizen of that capital. Perhaps, it is recommended, not so much by its merits in the character of a work of imagination, as by allusions to the politics or artificial manners of the times.

Theological, or perhaps, atheistical speculation still employs, at times, the cogitations of the profound thinkers in Pennsylvania. A new work of this sort, named *Letters on the Existence and Character of the Deity*, has lately appeared at Philadelphia. The book itself we have not seen ; but there seems to be a sort of religious indecency in the very title, which could hardly, as we should think, have fallen from an author that meant well to theism.

A Mr. Proud has recently published at Philadelphia, a *History of Pennsylvania*, which might perhaps be reprinted in London, with both commercial and literary advantage.

The political ribaldry of a Philadelphian news-writer of the name of Corbett, but assuming the fictitious name of Peter Porcupine appears to us to have received greatly too much encouragement from Britain. To employ such wretched instruments for any political purpose, is, certainly, just as if one should adopt the catcall, instead of the trumpet, as an instrument of martial music. We are, therefore, not ill pleased to announce, that Mr. Peter Porcupine has just been satirized in a piece, named the *Porcupiniad*, and published at Philadelphia, by Matthew Carey, a scribbler of his own kidney.

Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton has delivered before the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, an oration on the origin, the languages, and the physical structure, of the American Indians ; which was highly admired by the hearers ; and is to be speedily published.

An agricultural work of considerable value has been lately published at Charleston, under the title of *Observations on the culture of Cotton*, by Lewis Dupre, of Georgetown, South Carolina. The same distractions in the French West India Islands, which have contributed to make the produce of the British West Indies so remarkably valuable, during the progress of the present war, must, no doubt, have encouraged, in the southern territories of the American States, an unusual attention to the culture of those vegetables which were, before, more or less common to them with the West Indian isles.

The common law of England is still, by the concession of the legislatures, and the custom of the courts, almost in full force in America. Yet, the course of government and jurisdiction, cannot but gradually create, in the

United States, a practical law peculiar to themselves, and which must be a ramification from the law of England, as that of England is from the Feudal law, the parent of all the different forms of legislature and jurisprudence which subsist throughout Europe. For America, this peculiar jurisprudence begins to be formed by the successive acts of the legislatures, and more particularly by the recorded arguments and decisions of the courts. One of the most important publications that has been presented for sale at Philadelphia, within these last few months, is, *Reports by a Mr. Dallas, of Cases which have been decided upon in the Supreme Court in the United States.* In truth, there can be no publications more valuable than such reports as these. They are, at once, collections of precedents to guide the lawyer; and to the philosopher and the historian, records the most interesting, of the state of industry, commerce, manners and opinions.

In the perusal of the newspapers and other periodical publications of America, there is only one thing that strikes us very remarkably, as giving them, in this instance, a superiority to those of England. The *American Advertisements* are universally written with a simplicity, a clearness, a precision, a brevity, and by consequence, an elegance, which we in vain look for in the advertisement columns of an English, an Irish, or a Scottish newspaper.

It is curious to remark, how that in every country the public *diversions* take their character from the peculiarities of trade and industry, and from the ordinary modes of life. We observe it mentioned, as an extraordinary interesting exhibition, which attracted general and eager attention; that a *female harlequin*, on the theatre, leaped through a *hogshead* of fire ! !

The publication of a new Weekly Magazine has been in the present year commenced at Philadelphia, by Ezekiel Forman.

THE ORAN OTAN.

PERE Carbasson brought up an oran otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

The Anthology.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

RURAL SCENE.

(Concluded from page 370.)

'Tis here I love to dwell, indulge by turns
The sadly pleasing, melancholy thought,
And fancy's frolic, innocent and gay.
Here I recount the joyous scenes of youth,
Fraught with delicious sweets and playful loves.
Ah why, dear moments, are ye fled so soon!
And must ye also mingle with those years,
Lock'd in eternal, dark oblivion?
O no; while memory, dear companion of my life,
Can join past pleasures pure with present time,
Long will I muse with rapture on those days,
When lovely innocence adorn'd the mind;
When ev'ry action spoke its motive pure;
The guileless tongue sang sportive fancy's lays,
And ev'ry warbling breeze blew notes of joy.
But hark! the sound of business calls me hence,
And wordly cares rush weighty on my soul.
Farewel each tree, and shrub, and murm'ring stream;
Farewel yon hill, where oft the sun's last gleam
Gilds o'er each leaf, and sprinkles all with fire.
No more must I this lovely scene admire!
Compell'd to suffer on this world's wide stage
The cares of manhood and the pains of age;
No kindred home to cover o'er my faults,
Nor shield my peace from envy's mean assaults.
But, while I live, my angel hope remains,
She points to Heav'n, and worldly woe disdains.
While passing down the dreary path of life,
Heav'n free my soul from passion, noise, and strife!
May no dark clouds obscure my closing day,
Content my lot, and peace my humble lay.
And when life's purple stream shall cease to flow,
When I must bid adieu to all below,
May angels kind convey me from the grave,
And pitying heav'n receive the soul it gave.

HENRY.

SELECTED.

AN ODE,

Composed by Mr. WINTHROP SARGENT, *and sung on the Anniversary of American Independence, July* 4, 1802.

SEE the bright-hair'd golden Sun
Lead COLUMBIA'S Birth-Day on;
Mark the once o'ershadow'd soil,
Dress'd by CERES court his smile;
While the distant vales prolong
Sphere-descended Freedom's song.

CHORUS.

Till each mountain's time-struck head
Leave a valley in its stead,
As you are, forever be,
Independent, firm, and free.

Our fathers sought this land afar,
By the light of Freedom's star;
Thro' trackless seas, unplough'd before,
For us they left their native shore:
The soil, for which their blood has flown,
Shall be protected with our own.

CHORUS.....Till, &c.

Beneath the gentle smiles of peace,
In arts our fame shall rival GREECE.
For power insatiate, let the car
Of wild Ambition rush to war;
We twine, beneath the Olive's shade,
A wreath that age can never fade.

CHORUS.....Till, &c.

Lofty pæans strike the skies,
To the power who gave the prize;
While WACHUSETT lifts it's head
O'er the plains on which you bled,
Yearly let it's vales reply,
'Freely live, or nobly die.'

CHORUS.

Hark! already to the strain,
How they echo back again,
As you are, forever be,
Independent, firm, and free.

AN ODE,

Sung at the Old South church, on the Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1804.

Adapted to the tune of Croydon.

1.

ALMIGHTY Power, the One supreme,
Our souls inspire, attune our lays,
With hearts as solemn as our theme,
To sing hosannas to thy praise.

2.

Then while we swell the sacred song,
And bid the pealing anthem rise,
May seraphim the strains prolong,
And hymns of glory fill the skies.

3.

When stern oppression's iron hand
Our pious fathers forc'd to roam,
And o'er the wild waves seek the land
Where freedom rears her hallow'd dome;

4.

When savage hordes, from wilds immense,
With frantic war-whoop stunn'd our ears,
Thine arm, made bare in our defence,
Guided our steps, and quell'd our fears.

5.

Thou bad'st the wilderness disclose
The varied sweets of vernal bloom,
The desert blossom like the rose,
And breathe Arabia's sweet perfume.

6.

In vain did Britain, urg'd by pride,
Fair Freedom's sacred shrine invade;
Great WASHINGTON, with heav'n ally'd,
By Thee commission'd, was our aid.

7.

Look down from heaven's empyreal height,
And gild with smiles this joyful day,
Send us some chosen son of light,
Our feet to guide in wisdom's way.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

Written by WILLIAM BIGELOW, A. M. *and sung by Mrs. Jones, at St. Peter's Church, in Salem, on Wednesday, 4th July, 1804.*

WHEN *Britain* gigantic, by justice unaw'd,
Strode over the westerly main,
With eyes darting fury, and hands bath'd in blood,
Sought to rivet fell tyranny's chain;

Then, arm'd with a shepherdess' sling and a stone,
Rous'd youthful *Columbia* to meet her alone,
Unmov'd by the sword, and the spear, and the shield,
And thus to high heaven undaunted appeal'd:—

God of armies! hear my prayer;
Rise, thine holy arm make bare;
From the radiant hosts on high
Bid war's mighty angel fly,
With victory's light'ning in his eye.
Mighty angel! through the air
Hither to thy post repair;
Here on *Columbia*'s helmet rest,
Assume her eagle, form her crest.
Direct her arm, and fire her breast.

Drive back the foe beyond the sea;
Bid this favour'd land be free,
That millions yet unborn may own,
COLUMBIA'S GOD is GOD alone.

Lo! the conquering weapon's sped!
See, the haughty giant's fled!
Sons of Freedom, while ye pay
Honours to her natal day,
Confess the Godhead, and obey.
Around his altar while you stand
With grateful heart and lifted hand,
Swear, while life and thought remain,
Your Independence to maintain,
Sacred from oppression's rod,
Sacred from anarchy and blood,
Sacred, as the gift of God!

ODE

Written by J. STORY, *Esq. and sung by Mrs. Vonhagen before the Salem Female Charitable Society. July* 11, 1804.

WHEN droops the hapless child of woe,
Oppress'd with want, disease and care,
What hand shall healing balm bestow?
What voice shall soothe the deep despair?

When anguish wakes the widow's tear,
And sends the air the orphan's cry,
Is no protecting angel near,
To chase the gloom, and hush the sigh?

Yes—Mercy's gentle sprite is given,
To lull the throes of keen distress;
Her voice, the music breath'd from heaven,
Her smile, the extatic wish to bless.

She leans on pity's soften'd breast,
Love, hope, devotion, grace her shrine,
But most she loves a home of rest,
Where dwell the Charities divine.

To each his sufferings fate ordains,
Untimely falls the opening flower;
O'er wit and genius ruin reigns,
They bloom—they perish in an hour.

Since all are doom'd to feel the blow,
Let all indulge the social grief;
The heart, that bleeds for human woe,
In turn shall find its kind relief.

What though the joys of life depart,
And age and sorrow bow the soul,
These tenderer sympathies impart
A charm that lives beyond control.

Sweet is the fame that waits the good,
For them the sainted prayer shall rise,
The silent praise of gratitude,
The bright reward of happier skies.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

From D'Israeli's Romances.

CHRYSTAL WORLD! thy shadows pour!
LAND where FANCY builds her BOWER!
In thy silver circle deep
Lies the TREASURY OF SLEEP;
Many a glittering dream of air,
Many a picturing phantom there!
Shades of soft ideas bless;
IMAGES OF HAPPINESS!

Last night, in sleep, my LOVE did speak,
I press'd her HAND, I kiss'd her CHEEK.
Her FOREHEAD was with softness hung;
Soft as the timid moon when young.
Two founts of silvery light unfold,
With EYE-BALLS dropping liquid gold.
Ber BROWS nor part, nor join, their jet;
Her TEETH, like pearls in coral set.

Her BOSOM gave its odorous swell,
Each breathing wave now rose, now fell;
And oft the flying blushes deck
With vermil light her marble NECK.
Ah! union strange of CHASTE DESIRE!
Mixt in her CHEEK were SNOW and FIRE!
My lips a million kisses pour
Her silver shining BODY o'er.

Lengthening her crisped LOCKS embraced
The BEAUTY laughing round her WAIST;
These snare the soul, these wake the sigh;
I gaz'd till madness fir'd the eye!

The soft-clos'd LIPS I view'd awhile,
Just open'd with the tenderest SMILE!
I heard her VOICE, but, too intent,
The DREAM dissolv'd as still I leant!....
Yet till the day-break lit the sky,
That not one word might ever die,
Repeated o'er and o'er each WORD,
Till SOMETHING LIKE HER VOICE was heard.

Thou friend to LOVE! romantic NIGHT!
Now hang a painted dream like this;
I grasp a SHADOW OF DELIGHT,
A PAINTED DREAM is all my BLISS!

TO AN INFANT, SLEEPING.

SWEET BABY BOY! the soft cheek glows,
An emblem of the living rose!
Thy breath, a zephyr seems to rise,
And placid are thy half-clos'd eyes!
And silent is thy snowy breast,
Which gently heaves in transient rest;
And dreaming is thy infant brain
Of pleasure, undisturb'd by pain!

Soon shall thy youth to sorrow rise,
And tears shall dim those half-clos'd eyes;
And storms shall fade that living rose,
And keen unkindness wound repose!
Soon will thy slumber painful be
And thou wilt watch, and weep, like me;
And thou wilt shrink, with fear aghast,
From wild misfortune's chilling blast!

Ah! then no more in balmy sleep
Shall mem'ry fond her garland steep;
No more shall visions sweetly gay,
Sport in the coming beams of day!
No more thy downy pillow be
A pillow, BOY, of down to *thee!*
For many a thorn shall ruthless care
In envious rancour scatter there.

Sweet Baby Boy! then sleep awhile,
For youth will never wake to smile.
Time throws its poison round the bed
Where manhood lays its weary head;
The summer-day of life will lour,
As long, poor Boy, as winter's hour,
Unless the pilot *Fortune* brings
The *magic* of her GOLDEN WINGS!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE FROM MOORE.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,
Cried, "Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature!
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk worm, with contempt I view,
With all that low mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine;
And plac'd on earth to live and shine,
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the Glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire."
She spoke; attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay,
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke.
"Deluded fool! with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
Less dazzling long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain.
Pride soon or late degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"LITERARY MISCELLANY."

A NEW publication under the above title has, during the last month, issued from the press of Mr. William Hilliard, Cambridge. It is to be published quarterly. It professes to be devoted to the cause of literature and religion. In the prospectus to the work, it is said ; " that it was projected by a few friends, who agreed to contribute such reflections and remarks, as were the result of their studies, with a wish to rouse a mutual emulation in literary pursuits, and to excite in others a taste for scientific investigations." The subjects to which the views of this association are directed, and on which they solicit communications, are ancient and modern history ; chronology ; the mythology, customs, manners and antiquities of nations ; Hebrew and oriental literature ; criticisms on the Greek and Roman classics ; biographical notices of eminent men ; sketches of the lives of any on the catalogue of college graduates ; ethics, jurisprudence, natural religion and the evidences and doctrines of the christian revelation ; mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry and natural history ; discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts ; poetry ; and reviews of publications, ancient and modern. This number gives us a promising specimen of the genius, learning and taste of its supporters. It adds a new leaf of laurel to the venerable brow of our beloved *Alma Mater*. We regard this new literary guest rather with eyes of fraternal affection, than of envy ; and hope, that the joint efforts of the family connections will tend to improve the morals, and refine the taste of the public. We are sorry however to observe in this truly Literary Miscellany, a departure from English orthography. If we were a nation of philosophers, or were only as wise as our national philosophers would seem to imagine us, we might construct a language of our own. But it is the fate of the people of the United States to receive their language, as well as many other good things, mediately, from the people of England.

Messrs. Conrad & Co. of Philadelphia, are about to publish a new periodical work to be named *The Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal ;* to be edited by Dr. Barton ; and published every three or six months, as most convenient to the editor, or most agreeable to the patrons. The first number is nearly prepared. The plan is similar to that of *The Medical Repository* of N.York.

In England, Southey is engaged on a *History of Portugal.*—Roscoe is printing his *Life of Leo X.*

The first American edition of *Rollin's Ancient History* is in the press. The 1st volume will be ready for delivery by the middle of September, should no delay take place in the execution of the plates.

The " History of England, from the accession of George the 3d to the conclusion of the Peace of 1783, by John Anderson, Esq." is about being published in Philadelphia.

Statement of Births in Boston.

The number of Births, in July, was EIGHTY-FIVE. Of these, 2 were premature, and 2 still-born. ☞ The Physicians are desired in their statement of births, to give the number of each sex.

Bill of Mortality in Boston, for July, as stated by the Physicians.

Complaint.	Age.	Male.	Fem.
Canker-rash	18 mon.		1
Consumption	1. 24. 48. 19. 32 y.	2	3
Convulsions	13 y.—9 m.	1*	1
——— by a worm	7 y.	1†	
Cholera of infants	under 1 y.		1
Debauchery	30 y.		1
Dropsy	39 y.		1
——— in the brain	8 m.		1
Fever bilious	30. 24. 38. 70. 29 y.	4	1
—— ——— malignant	2 y.		1
—— pulmonick	84 y.		1
Hepatitis	48 y.	1	
Lues Venerea	20 m.	1	
Mortification	23 y.		1
Old age	60. 70. 78 y.	1	2
Obstructed bowels	38 y.		1
Premature birth			1
Spina bifida	7 m.—4 d.	1	1
Uterine Hæmorrhage	31 y.		1
Suddenly, without the form of disease,	46 y.	1	
Drowned	3 y.	1	
		15	19

Mem. July 9. A Mr. Jones, in a state of febrile delirium, left his bed at 2 A. M. and was found drowned near the place he had last worked (bottom of the Common). In the same house died a female infant aged 5 weeks, that no physician was then attending.

* He was opened; almost all the viscera were diseased. † He was opened.

NECROLOGY.

It is with sentiments of the deepest regret that we announce to the public the decease of the great and estimable General ALEXANDER HAMILTON. No event since the death of the illustrious WASHINGTON has filled the public mind with more painful solicitude, or so much called forth the general sympathy and grief as the event we now record. The loss of a character, so much respected in his profession, so esteemed by the public, so beloved in the circles of private friendship and of domestic life, is beyond the power of expression; and the manner of his death!—Alas! it can be remembered only with mingled horrour and regret.

Vain were the attempt to give even a hasty sketch of the various, the unequalled merit of the illustrious deceased—the task will be executed by an abler hand. Suffice it, under the present impression of public regret, to state,

That as a *soldier* through the whole of our revolutionary war, Gen. Hamilton was eminently distinguished. He was one of the few select friends of the Commander in Chief, often tried and as often approved. His cool and active valour in storming the redoubt before York Town will never be forgotten. After such a splendid proof of bravery, was it necessary again to put it to the test in compliance with a false notion of honour, and a misconceived resentment?

As a *statesman*, Gen. Hamilton added still greater honour to his name. To him are we principally indebted for the national Constitution and the system of laws under which we now live. It was his hand that traced the outlines of our most important municipal institutions. To him we owe the plans for the organization of our National Treasury, the provisions for the payment of the public debt, for the establishment of the banks, of the mint, and the whole revenue system of our country.

As a *lawyer* he was unrivalled at the bar. His talents and eloquence gave him a decided ascendency in his profession, which however was softened by the most unaffected modesty, and the utmost courtesy and gentleness.

As a *man* no one was more highly esteemed for his perfect integrity, truth, candour, and public spirit, than the unfortunate deceased. He enjoyed (and no man ever better deserved it) the unlimited confidence of his friends and fellow citizens.

As a *christian* we are happy to add, he has not left the world to doubt of his *faith* and *hope*. In his last hours he has put a seal on his character by declaring

his firm belief in the merits and atonement of a SAVIOUR, by avowing his trust in Redeeming Grace, and by requesting and receiving, in attestation of his faith, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Hasty and imperfect as the foregoing outlines may be, they will recal to the public mind those impressions of exalted merit which we are sure will never be obliterated, will never cease to be cherished with a melancholy pleasure. The soldier, the statesman, the man of preeminent talents and worth is gone, but his virtues will be had in memory, will be admired and recorded wherever there is a heart to feel or a tongue to repeat the eulogy due to departed worth.—*N. Y. Daily Adv.*

In Cambridge, on Monday the 23d inst. after a very long and gradual decay, STEPHEN SEWALL, Esq. F. A. A. and formerly Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other oriental languages. He was born at York, in the District of Maine, in April, 1734. His circumstances being narrow, he was first taught the trade of a joiner, by which he acquired the means to pursue his classical inquiries. At the age of 24, he was admitted a student in the University of Cambridge, and pursued his literary course with unabating ardour. After graduating in 1761, he remained a resident graduate, and supported himself by teaching the grammar school in Cambridge. The place of Hebrew instructer became vacant about that time by the resignation of Mr. Morris. An American who had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to be qualified for an instructer, was a phenomenon at that time seldom seen. Mr. Morris was a Jew of Algiers. To the disadvantage common to all foreigners, there was added a peculiar unhappiness in teaching. This had sunk the reputation of Hebrew into a state of contempt. Mr. Sewall undertook the task of recovering it. His grammar is exceedingly simple and intelligible. His reputation rose with that of his department, and when the late Mr. Hancock founded a professorship for the Hebrew and other oriental languages, Mr. Sewall was the unrivalled candidate. He continued in this office above twenty years. His lectures were models of English composition, and the suavity of his disposition insured him the esteem of his pupils. Once only he was married. His wife was daughter of the first Dr. Wigglesworth, and died a year or two before he lost his professorship. After that event, he led a very retired life. He was early in the revolution, and continued a warm friend to it. In 1777, he was honoured with a seat in the House of Representatives, by the election of the town of Cambridge. To an elegant taste in composition, of which specimens in several languages have been published, he added a modesty not only unassuming, but perhaps in some cases excessive. He died in his 71st year. His only child died in infancy.

In England, Rev. *JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE*, Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. Of his proficiency in oriental literature, and his correct and elegant taste, the world has already had a very favourable specimen in his Translations of Select Pieces of Arabic Poetry: But Religion, as well as Literature, has sustained a severe loss in his death; since it will at least suspend the correct edition of the Arabic Bible, which he had undertaken at the request of a most respectable society composed of many eminent persons (among whom the Bishop of Durham was one of the most active), and for which every preparation had been already made, and must put an entire stop to his great and favourite project of giving a complete edition of the New Testament in Greek, which was to contain not only the various readings collected by Mill, Bengelius, Wetstein, Griesbach, and Matthael, but also those of more than thirty Greek MSS. which he had collected during his residence and travels in the Turkish empire, together with a new and accurate collation of the Syriac and other ancient versions. With his dissertation on the Troad, and Observations made during his Tour through Lesser Asia, Syria and Egypt, the public may hope to be gratified.

At the Isle of Shoals, after a short illness, Mr. JOSIAH STEVENS, who, for several years past, has been employed by the Society for propagating the Gos-

gel, as a Missionary on these Isles. His labours and services, as a religious teacher, and instructer of youth, and a justice of the peace, (for he sustained all these offices) were very useful to these poor and ignorant Islanders, and acceptable to his employers. Mr. Stevens was a man of good natural abilities, of unaffected and fervent piety, apt to teach, and willing to sacrifice earthly enjoyments for the sake of doing good to his fellow men. He united firmness of mind, with an amiable temper and gentle manners. He was remarkably fitted for the station in which he was placed. He was much respected and beloved by his people, while he lived, and his death is deeply lamented as a public loss.

METEOROLOGY.

State of Fahrenheit's Thermometer, and the Barometer, for July. Observed at 8 *o'clock,* A.M.—2, P.M.—*sunset*—*and* 10, P.M.

Cl'k.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
			1st Day.	
8 :	29.7	67	S.	Clouds & sunshine by turns.
2 :	29.7	70	E.	
ss. :	29.7	67	N.N.E.	Shower at 10
10 :	29.8	66		P. M.
			2d Day.	
8 :	29.8	67	W.N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 :	29.8	77	E.	Shower at 9
ss. :	29.9	73	S.E.	P. M.
10 :	29.9	70		
			3d Day.	
8 :	30	71	N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 :	30	79	E.	
ss. :	30	76	S.W.	
10 :	30	72		
			4th Day.	
8 :	30	73	W.S.W.	Fair and clear.
2 :	30	84	W.	
ss. :	29.9	78	S.S.W.	
10 :	29.9	74		
			5th Day.	
8 :	29.8	76	S.W.	Cloud. morn'g,
2 :	29.8	85	S.	freq't showers.
ss. :	29.8	77	W.S.W.	5 P. M. heavy
10 :	29.8	76		shower, with thun. & light'g.
			6th Day.	
8 :	30	70	E.	Fair and clear.
2 :	30	73	E.	
ss. :	30	67	S.E.	
10 :	30	66		
			7th Day.	
8 :	29.9	72	S.S.W.	Fa. & cl. Small
2 :	29.8	87	S.W.	sh. 9 P.M. Th.
ss. :	29.8	84	S.W.	& l. in even'g.
10 :	29.8	82		L. alm. all ni.
			8th Day.	
8 :	29.9	77	W. all	Fair and clear.
2 :	30	84	day.	
ss. :	30	80		
10 :	30	72		
			9th Day.	
8 :	30	73	N.N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 :	29.9	82	S.	Small shower
ss. :	29.8	80	S.	about sunset.
10 :	29.8	77		
			10th Day.	
8 :	29.7	83	S.	Fair. Cloudy
2 :	29.7	88	W.	evening.
ss. :	29.7	83	W.	
10 :	29.7	79		
			11th Day.	
8 :	29.8	73	N.N.E.	Little cloudy
2 :	29.8	75	E.	in the morn'g.
ss. :	29.8	73	S.E.	Fair day.
10 :	29.7	71		
			12th Day.	
8 :	29.7	70	S.S.W.	Fair. Cloudy
2 :	29.6	82	S.W.	in evening &
ss. :	29.6	75	W.S.W.	a little rain.
10 :	29.6	71		
			13th Day.	
8 :	29.7	69	W.N.W.	Fair and clear.
2 :	29.7	76	W.	
ss. :	29.7	72	W.	
10 :	29.7	68		
			14th Day.	
8 :	29.9	67	W.	Fair and clear.
2 :	29.9	78	W.	
ss. :	29.9	75	W.	
10 :	30	69		
			15th Day.	
8 :	29.9	72	S.W.	Cloud. morn'g.
2 :	29.8	70	S.E.	Rain 11 A.M.
ss. :	29.7	73	S.S.W.	to 3 P. M. Af.
10 :	29.7	67		cloud. & damp.
			16th Day.	
8 :	29.7	66	N.N.E.	Cloud. morn'g.
2 :	29.6	74	E.S.E.	Clear 10 A.M.
ss. :	29.6	74	W.	to ss. Clou. &
10 :	29.6	74		sm. sh. 10 P.M.
			17th Day.	
8 :	29.6	69	W.	Fair, clear mor.
2 :	29.7	72	variable.	Noon clouds &
ss. :	29.7	67	W.	wind with sm.
10 :	29.8	63		sh. Af. fa. & cl.
			18th Day.	
8 :	29.8	63	W. all	Fair. 1 P. M.
2 :	29.8	72	day	cloudy. Then

ss. : 29.8	65		fair. Shower at
10 : 29.8	60		5P.M. Then fa.
		19th Day.	
8 : 29.8	62	S.E.	Fa. morn. Af.
2 : 29.7	66		11 A. M. clou.
ss. : 29.6	63		Rain fr. noon
10 : 29.5	62		remaind. day.
		20th Day.	
8 : 29.4	60	N.E.	Stormy.
2 : 29.4	62	E.	Rainy.
ss. : 29.4	62	N.N.W.	Fair.
10 : 29.5	60		Fair.
		21st Day.	
8 : 29.6	62	W.	Fair and clear.
2 : 29.6	70	W.	Changeable.
ss. : 29.7	67		
10 : 29.7	64	W.N.W.	Cloudy.
		22d Day.	
8 : 29.7	67	W.	Cloudy and
2 : 29.7	70	W.	rainy.
ss. : 29.6	68	W.	
10 : 29.5	66	W.	
		23d Day.	
8 : 29.5	68	W.N.W.	Hazy.
2 : 29.5	75	S.W.	
ss. : 29.6	70		
10 : 29.7	64	W.	
		24th Day.	
8 : 29.9	66	W.N.W.	Fair.
2 : 30	74	S.E.	
ss. : 30	70	W.	
10 : 30	66	S.	
		25th Day	
8 : 30	67	S.	Fair.
2 : 30	71	S.E.	
ss. : 30	68		
10 : 30	65		
		26th Day.	
8 : 30	65	S.	Hazy.
2 : 29.9	70	S.E.	
ss. : 29.9	68	S.W.	Fair.
10 : 29.9	66		
		27th Day.	
8 : 30	66	S.W.	Fair.
2 : 30	78		
ss. : 30	74	S.W.	Fair.
10 : 30	68		
		28th Day.	
8 : 30.1	69	S.S.W.	Fair.
2 : 30.1	78	S.S.E.	
ss. : 30.1	76	S.S.W.	
10 : 30.1	73		
		29th Day.	
8 : 30.1	74	S.W.	Fair.
2 : 30	86	S.W.	
ss. : 30	80	S.W.	
10 : 30	77		
		30th Day.	
8 : 30	79	S.W.	Fair.
2 : 29.9	90*	S.W.	
ss. : 29.9	84	S.W.	
10 : 29.9	81		
		31st Day.	
8 : 29.9	77	W.N.W.	Cloudy. At
2 : 29.9	74	S.E.	noon rain. Th.
ss. : 29.8	73	S.	showers. Stea-
10 : 29.8	73		dy rain after.

* *At 3 oclock between* 88 *and* 89.

We have before us the meteorological observations for New-London in June last. At noon, and at three hours before and after noon, the table gives 66, 68, 69, and a mean of 67, which is three degrees lower than in Salem. The winds were easterly 11 times out of 30 observations, or for so many days; in Salem, 18 out of 56 times. Rain only 3 times; in Salem 13 times. In New-London, highest 75, lowest 61. In Salem, lowest 62, highest 87. Cloudy only 4 days in New-London.

In New-York the thermometer was on 9th July, at 90 degrees, and nearly at that height for several days. On that day, the thermometer was not very high in Salem, but the barometer as low as we ever observed it. *Sal. Reg.*

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

We thank the *Botanist* for his valuable communication, and ask an early receipt of his 2d number.

The author, or authoress, of the essay on *Piety*, *Honesty*, &c. will pardon our use of the pruning-knife, and our readers will pardon us, if we have not used it sufficiently. To be honest, we were obliged to recompose the thing.

The favour of *Adolphus*, and the extract sent us by *Constance*, shall appear in the next Anthology. So likewise shall *Lines on the death of Politian*, which were not seen until our "collection of" July "flowers" was made.

The Physicians of the town, to whom we owe what we deem an interesting document, and the gentlemen who furnish us with an accurate meteorological table, have our gratitude and respect.

Aug. 1804.